The Bystander, November 30, 1921 No. 939. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER

BY D. L. GHILCHIK

OUR CHAMPION DANCER

Davy's Irish-Jig-cum-Washington Post

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR Nightly at 8.30. Matinees, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. "WOMAN TO WOMAN" Arthur Wontner. Wilette Kershaw.

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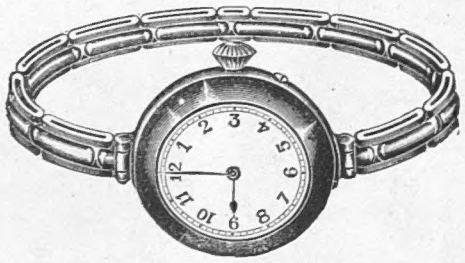

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THE GRAPHIC

December 3, 1921.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Royal Betrothal

THE heartfelt congratulations of the whole British people and their sincere good wishes for her future happiness went out spontaneously to Princess Mary as soon as her betrothal was announced. The Princess has made herself popular, indeed, beloved, in all sections of society. She, too, has the gift, with which the Prince of Wales is so richly endowed, of a personality that appeals to the hearts of all with whom it comes in contact. That in Viscount Lascelles she will have a husband of good old English stock and a gallant soldier to boot, makes our congratulations all the more hearty. Not willingly would we have had our Princess leave us.

Pekes and Profiteers

THE other day I read that Pekingese terriers maintained their popularity as ladies' pets largely because they are cheap to keep. This morning I saw a photograph of a lady giving a Pekingese champagne to drink—not a little drop in a saucer, she was holding a quart bottle to its mouth. Nor was the Peke an invalid, for it was competing in a dog show. I don't really suppose that the most dissipated Peke would get through a great deal of champagne in the year, and I don't know that a Peke is any less entitled to its fizz than is a profiteer. But in these days of hardship I do think that both Pekes and profiteers should take their costly vintages in private.

The Bleat of Brains

MR. BERNARD SHAW has dinned his very bad opinion of England into our ears, and even more into American ears, until we have ceased to take any notice of him. Now another "brainy" person goes not only for England, but the whole British Empire, which Mr. H. G. Wells hopes and believes will not exist a hundred years hence. Dean Inge rather sympathises with Mr. Wells. I am afraid that Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and Dr. Inge are doomed to disappointment. The British Empire, as a matter of fact, is just getting into its stride. During the last three reigns the occupants of the British Throne have done much to consolidate it. The Prince of Wales will know it, and it will know him in a way that Messrs. Shaw, Wells, and Dr. Inge will never know their disciples or their disciples know them. Except for their occasional trips abroad for pleasure—and profit—these three gentlemen reside in the England of which they think so little. Why? Let me recommend them to Madeira—or Doorn.

The "In and Out" in Trouble

THE flag of distress hoisted by the famous "In and Out" Club, which has publicly announced the dropping of its entrance fee, again calls attention to the troubles in clubland. Many clubs are in worse than low water, being practically on the rocks and living on hope. Members of these who happened to be guests at the thirty-first anniversary dinner of the Eccentric Club last week must have broken the tenth Commandment as they listened to the Chairman and Hon. Secretary. Before the War, they said, the Eccentric was poor, its assets insufficient to pay even the ground rent of their premises. To-day it is the most prosperous club in London, and its members will soon own their fine premises entirely. They have no need, and expect none, to raise subscriptions or entrance fee, and all this in spite of their lavish charities during the War. Truly one club's meat is another club's poison!

By FRED BUCHANAN

"CUT OUT THE SUB-STUFF"

FATHER NEPTUNE: "Remember the 'Lusitania' and cut out the sub-stuff!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

George Moore and Art

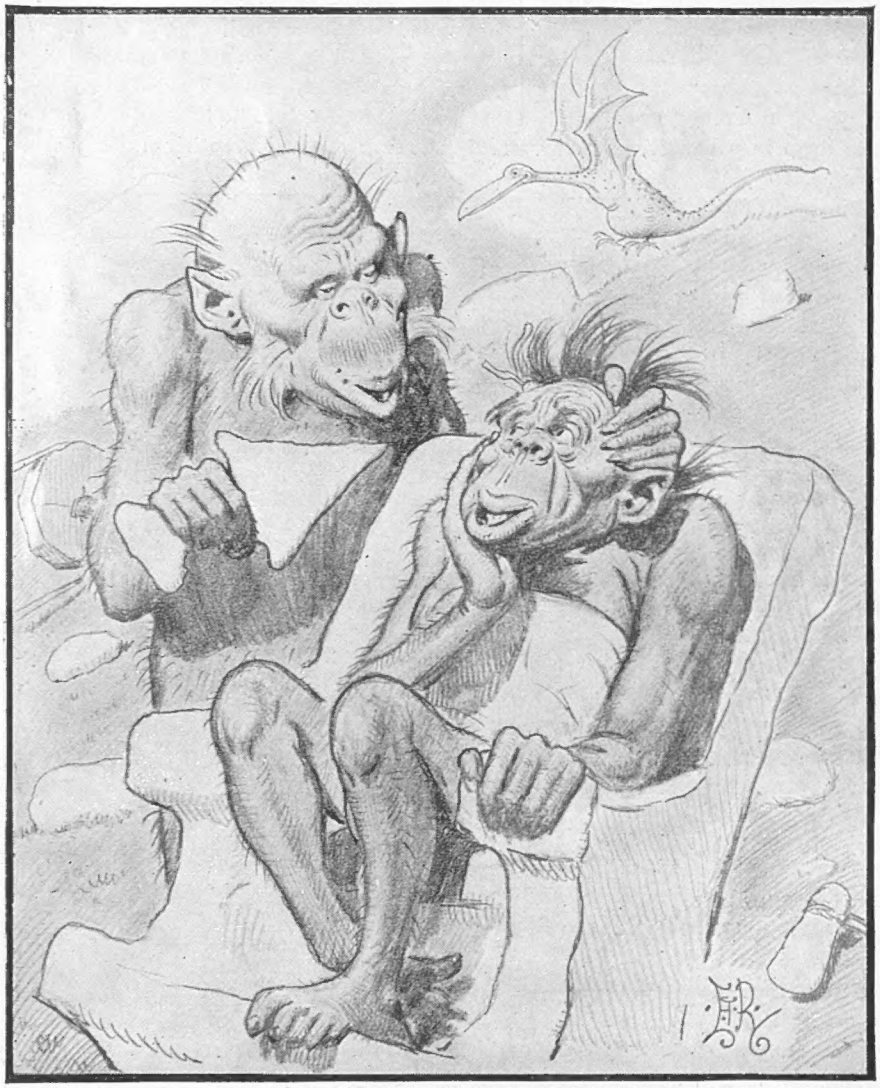
MR. GEORGE MOORE seems strangely cross at having been invited to the dinner in honour of "Spy," Sir Leslie Ward. He objects to being asked to listen to "aristocratic patter" on art. Dear me! May not aristocrats have ideas on art? They have certainly been the great buyers of paintings and sculpture and all forms of art—of *books*, too, Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore in a second explanation of his invitation says Lord Birkenhead is "presumptuous" in telling him to read Thackeray, "for," says Mr. Moore, "he cannot appreciate the merits or demerits of Thackeray as well as I can." Well, I am not so sure about that. But, never mind—Mr. Moore seems to have got quite as much "publicity" out of the "Spy" banquet as did Sir Leslie Ward himself—and I know Ward will not grudge it him.

Music and the Man

I READ that Mozart composed most of *Don Giovanni*, produced for the first time in its entirety in England at the Old Vic. last week, in the garden of an inn at Prague. There he worked away at his score "to the accompaniment of the skittle playing and the gossip of the burghers, in which he would frequently join." I wonder if this is an ordinary faculty with musicians. I know I have seen Herman Finck, composer of "In the Shadows," busily composing and orchestrating music in his room at the Palace with half-a-dozen men smoking and talking and chaffing. Finck would talk and chaff, too—the only noise he bars at such time is a musical one—no humming, no whistling, no touching the piano.

Have You Been Psychic-ed?

A WEEK or two ago we were distressed to read that Harley Street, for various reasons, was very "hard hit." Now comes Dr. Coué, from Nancy, completely to put it out of business. Physical and mental pain can be cured by passing your hands lightly over the seat of the pain or the forehead and repeating "It's going" as long as necessary—this should only be from 20 to 25 seconds. Fashionable ladies, I see, are flocking to Dr. Coué. If enough of them flock, and use his prescriptions for all their physical and mental complaints, I see good hopes of things looking up again in Harley Street.



PREHISTORIC HARLEY STREET [BY E. T. KEED

[The "Rhodesian skull" just presented to the Natural History Museum is believed to be that of a woman, probably post-Neanderthal, "*who had a very bad time with toothache*"]

ORIGINAL PROPRIETOR OF SKULL (*in the chair*) [*to Primeval Cave-Mann, Esq., Surgeon-Dentist*]: "Have one more try with *that* thing, please, and if it's no good, take me to the nearest cliff and push me over! Anything's better than *that awful* treadle affair!"

New German Menace!

ACCORDING to the German papers, a boat 2,000 years' old has been unearthed at Rheindorf. After Germany's Secret Army and Hidden Aeroplanes, have we discovered Germany's Buried Navy?

"And Nelson Took Off His Hat"

I MUST admit that, personally, I failed to notice it in the law reports, but the friend who told it to me in the club was emphatic that it happened last week. It was a very weak little woman who was giving evidence before one of our most humorous Judges, and a reference of hers to the Coliseum gave him an opportunity which he could not miss.

"The Coliseum?" he queried, blandly. "Isn't that the place where the lions are fed with Christians?"

"No, your Lordship," came the quiet reply, "I expect you are thinking of the Strand Palace, where Christians are fed by Lyons."

Photograph by Compton Collier

THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD—AND HER CHILDREN

At Weston Park, Shifnal. Lady Bradford is a daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdare. The son and heir is Viscount Newport, and with him are his three sisters, Lady Helen, Lady Anne, and Lady Joan Bridgeman

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

Princess Mary

No Royal engagement has ever been kept more carefully secret than that of Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles. There have been no "I wonders," no "Do you think it probables"—not a breath, not a syllable. The whole affair has been the very triumph of discretion, and the news came as suddenly to the folks at Court as to the outer world.

I doubt if any Royal engagement has ever given a keener or a more sincere pleasure to His Majesty's lieges. It is the first sign that the King's children are freed from the old rule that Royalty must mate with Royalty, a rule introduced into our Royal family from Germany some two hundred years ago— a sign, too, that now they may give their hands where their hearts are given also.

It is very difficult to have a romance when you are for ever in the public eye, but Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles have surmounted this difficulty. How, no one can say, but they have "wooed in silence and unsung" (the modern word for "unsung" is "unparagraphed"), and nobody has had the least suspicion of what was so happily afoot.

The News

THE reception of the news in London should give your professional and amateur revolutionary material for serious thought. To begin with, the bookstalls were swept clean of the daily illustrated papers. Wherever one went the engagement was the only topic of conversation, and you might have imagined that Princess Mary was a close relation of everybody from the *personal* interest everybody expressed.

The revolutionaries have got some dreary, heavy spade-work before them so long as this feeling exists between the people and the Throne. And how deep and real the feeling is was shown last week directly the newspaper posters were out.

Photograph Farringdon Photo Co.

LAST WEEK'S BIG WEDDING

Miss Millicent Orr-Ewing, the daughter of Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing, and niece of the Duke of Roxburghe, at the latter's house in Grosvenor Square, after her marriage at the Brompton Oratory to Mr. John Reynolds

After Four Centuries

HERE is an interesting point for such of you who like to dabble in history. Princess Mary is the first Princess of the blood Royal to marry an Englishman since the reign of Henry VIII—doesn't that add up to some four hundred years? Henry VIII's sister, also a Mary, Queen-Dowager of France, married *en secondes noces* the Duke of Suffolk. But from that time until Queen Victoria's daughter, Princess Louise, married the then Marquis of Lorne, and her granddaughter married the Duke of Fife, no English Princess had ever mated outside the circle of Royal blood. The Marquis of Lorne (afterwards Duke of Argyll) and the Duke of Fife were both Scotsmen. Lady Patricia Ramsay's husband is also Scottish.

The Lascelles Lineage

IN point of lineage the Lascelles family has almost as lofty a tree as the Royal family itself. They can trace their beginnings back to 1315. They have always done their job quietly and effectively without drums or trumpets. Sir Frank Lascelles, our Ambassador at Berlin, of whom the ex-Kaiser stood in wholesome awe, was a cadet of the house; Archbishop Temple's wife was a Lascelles, and so was Lady Edward Cavendish. Lord Lascelles already has a connection with the Royal family. His younger brother, Edward, married a daughter of Lady Frances Balfour, and, consequently, is nephew-in-law to Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

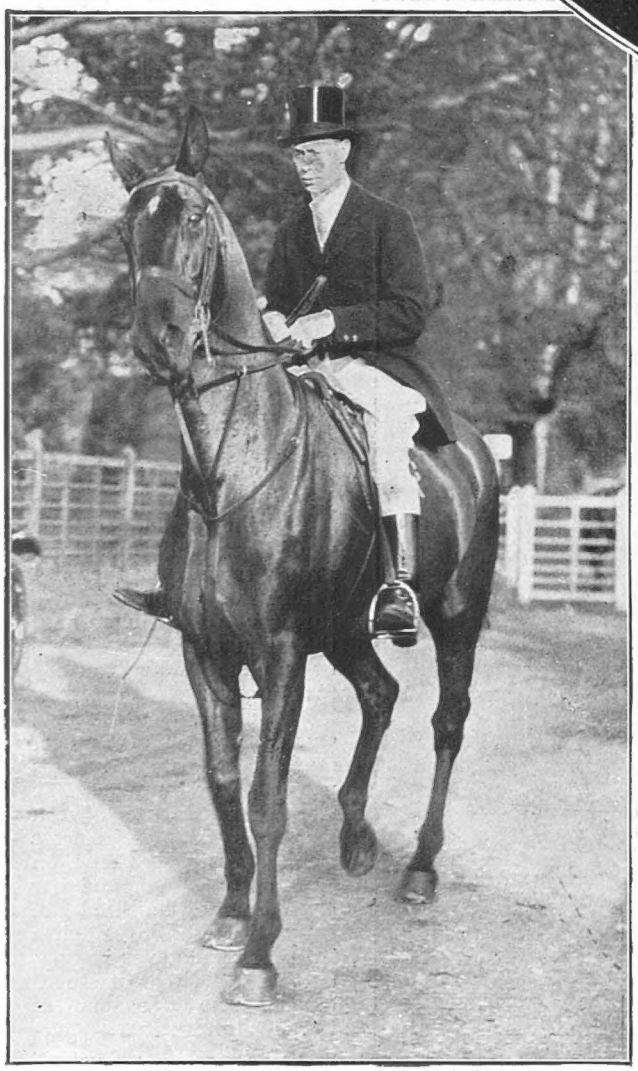
Chesterfield House

WHEN Lord Lascelles brings his bride to Chesterfield House, Princess Mary will be the only one of our Princesses who can boast a courtyard to her house. The Princess Royal's front door opens upon the pavement in Portman Square; so does the front door of Schomberg House — Princess Christian's — on Pall Mall. Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Albany are housed in Kensington Palace, but that seclusion does not equal the absolute privacy at Chesterfield House, shut away behind a high wall in South Audley Street.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

LORD LASCELLES WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY

The first public appearance of Lord Lascelles, with his fiancée, Princess Mary, was with the Queen last week whilst driving through the West End of London. They were continuously cheered throughout the drive



Photograph *Sport and General*

MOVING OFF TO THE MEET

The Duke of York going to the meet of the Belvoir last week at Croxton Park

Outwardly Chesterfield House is gloomy, but within it is a fine example of eighteenth century decoration of the houses of the rich and great. On the first floor there is a magnificent suite of reception-rooms.

In old days under the Chesterfields, then under the Magniacs, and latest under the Burtons, the house was a centre of brilliant hospitality. There is every portent now that its old glories will be revived with a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland as hostess.

His Grace, the Lord Chamberlain

I DON'T think anybody anticipated the appointment of the Duke of Atholl as Lord Chamberlain. It is not an office one associates with strawberry leaves, but at the same time it is an office of the highest service to the Crown, and, therefore, beneath no duke's dignity.

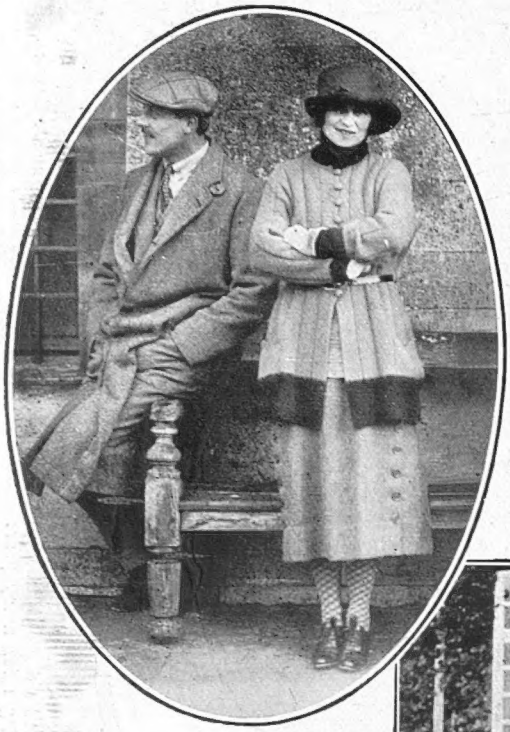
Even now, although he has been Duke for four years, the new Lord Chamberlain is constantly spoken of amongst his more intimate friends as "Tullibardine," the title under which he distinguished himself in the Egyptian campaign, the South African War, in the Great War, and under which he made himself so popular in London in pre-War days. He is a mirror of tact and discretion, and a mighty dancer of reels.

Eloquent of the Age

MYSELF, I think the Duke's acceptance of the appointment an eloquent sign of the times. There are many silly people nowadays who ought to know better, but who follow any craze just for the sake of excitement. The newest craze is a sort of Bolshevism (with all the Russian nastiness left out *soit entendu*). To speak frankly, when I hear women who have never done anything but amuse themselves at the expense of their fathers or their husbands, and men who are living on what their fathers earned,

Photographs *Alice Hughes and C. Vandyk, Ltd.*

The announcement of Princess Mary's engagement to Viscount Lascelles, eldest son of the Earl of Harewood, of Harewood, came as a pleasant surprise last week. It is interesting to find that she is the first Princess of the blood royal to marry an Englishman since the reign of Henry VIII. Lord Lascelles has had a distinguished career, both in the Army and the Diplomatic Service. No Royal engagement has given such pleasure to His Majesty's lieges for many years



Photograph *Topical Press*

AT BELVOIR CASTLE

The Marquis and Marchioness of Anglesey outside Belvoir Castle, at the house party given by the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, with whom the Duke of York was also staying. He has been enjoying some good hunting with the Belvoir

talking the popular, gilt-edged Communistic-Socialism, I long to apply the business side of a slipper to one and a well-applied boot to the other.

These d o - n o t h i n g s, these *fainéants*, do infinite harm by their senseless chatter and gibberish. They *talk* Communism and Socialism without even understanding what they are talking about. When a great nobleman like the Duke of Atholl takes the office of Lord Chamberlain it shows more clearly and definitely than any words can express the light in which the solid thinking elements of the country regard the Throne. It is old-world, chivalrous service.

Monsieur le Président

You will remember—at least you ought to do if you don't—that a little time ago, *àpropos* of M. Poincaré's visit to the Institut Français, I remarked that all the speakers addressed him as "Monsieur le Président," and I asked if this was a courtesy extended to Presidents of the French Republic after retirement from office. A correspondent in Paris, and niece of a former French Premier, has had the gracious courtesy to answer my question. She says, "All Presidents of the Republic, whether in or out of office, are officially addressed as 'Monsieur le Président.' The same custom applies to all present

Photograph

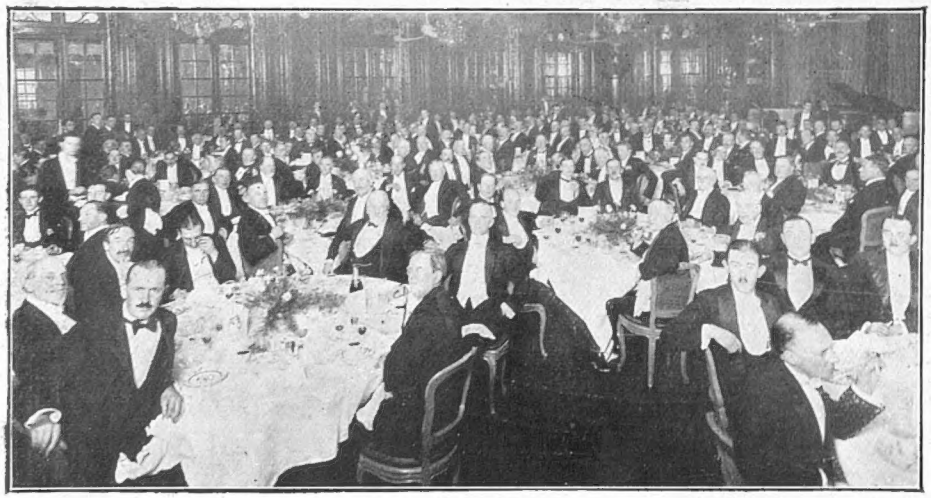
and past Presidents of the Senate, and of the Chamber of Deputies. Also to Présidents du Conseil des Ministres (Prime-Ministers) both in and out of office.'

But there is this point to remember. Any one of these Presidents out of office is spoken and written of only by their names. The title of Président is given when addressing them personally.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A POLITICAL HOUSE PARTY

The Hon. Edward Wood, M.P., only surviving son of Lord Halifax, has been entertaining a shooting party at his residence, Garrowby, Bishop Wilton, York. Above is the house party at Garrowby. Left to right (front row): Lady Dorothy Meynell, Master Charles Wood, Master Peter Wood; (sitting) Lady Dorothy Wood, Miss Anne Wood, Hon Edward Wood, M.P. (Second row): Hon. Agnes Lane-Fox, Lord Halifax, Mr. Francis Meynell, Hon. Mrs. Buchanan-Riddell. (Back row): George R. Lane-Fox, M.P., Mr. W. Buchanan-Riddell, Lieut.-Col. Scovell



Photograph *Mayfair, Ltd.*

A TRIBUTE TO "SPY"

At the Savoy Hotel last week, Sir Leslie Ward, who for so many years caricatured celebrities "and others," was entertained to a dinner, at which were gathered some of the famous men who have been past "victims" of the caricaturist. The Lord Chancellor presided

Central News

CHARITY IN AID OF THE CHILDREN

The Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston opened the sale of Christmas gifts in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, held last week at Viscountess Hambledon's house in Grosvenor Place. From left to right will be recognised some of the stallholders: Mrs. Hornby Lewis, Countess of Arran, Miss Hancock, a daughter of Lady Castlemaine, Lady Carson and Lady Castlemaine

An interesting point in French etiquette. For its explanation I express my thanks and yours to my correspondent.

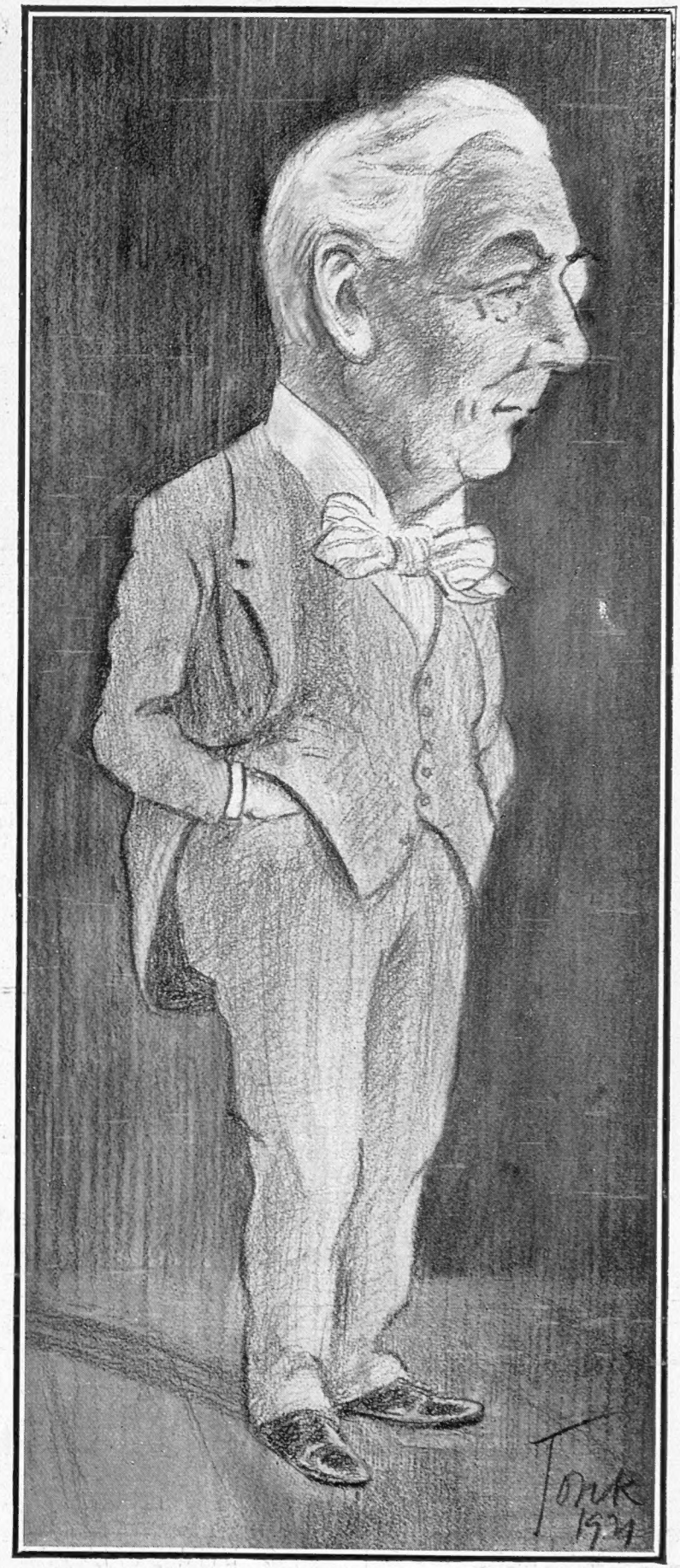
Dancing for the *Entente*

THE first annual ball of the Anglo-French Society will be given at the Suffolk Galleries on December 3. It promises to be a most attractive evening as there are to be exhibition dances by the Dolly Sisters, June and Quinault. Go and dance, my children, for the *entente cordiale*. There will be a galaxy of interesting folk, French and English, there, so write for what is called "all particulars" to the Hon. Secretary, Anglo-French Society, Scala House, Tottenham Street, W. 1, and he will tell you all you want to know about the pennies for tickets, etc., etc.

An Imperial Cinema-Owner

THE lot of dethroned and exiled Royalties seems happier than that of those who are allowed to remain in their own country. The Princess Stéphanie, widow of the Austrian Crown Prince, Rudolph, and the wife of Count Lonyay, after trying to make an income by market-gardening, has now received permission from the Budapest Municipal Council to open a cinema in the Hungarian capital. The Austrian Imperial family never had much affection for the ex-Kaiser. I wonder what they feel about him now?

MR. "CHARLIE" CLARKE, who, besides bargaining in billions, is somewhat of a conductor, so much so, indeed, that quite recently he was the recipient of a Baton and Gold Book, containing among the thousand signatures those of the Prince of Wales and Duke of York. Carries a monocle and has never yet been seen with the same tie twice. Once waylaid the King and Queen in the Bank of England that they might visit the "House." They did



By "JONK"

STOCK EXCHANGE CELEBRITIES

No. VI.—MR. "CHARLIE" CLARKE

SOUPER EN PLEIN AIR

The Riviera Week by Week

by Dunce-Scotus

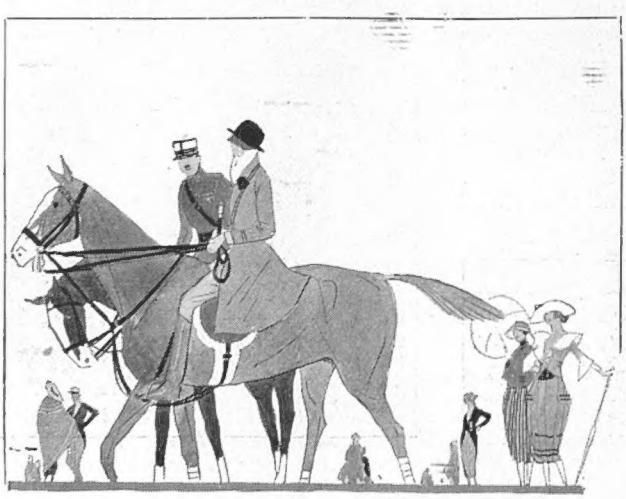
THE more successful a season has been anywhere the greater the tendency for some section of the Press—possibly largely interested in some rival resort—to crab it and exaggerate its defects. Last year the French Riviera and the Italian Riviera, to a less extent, were crammed with eager crowds fighting for beds in bathrooms. Some proprietors foolishly raised their prices unjustifiably, and, as the snarls of the discontented are much more audible than the purrs of the contented cats (who swarm everywhere here), a false idea of mine host here was easily spread at home, and may do harm this season. The success of last season was phenomenal. The Hôtel de Paris, at Monte Carlo, divided about 100 per cent., I believe, and are adding a floor to the south. All along the Riviera are additions and new hotels everywhere.

BUT if you believe the pessimists, these clever business men of all nations who sang in choir from their adapted "Psalm of Life," "Let us, then, be up and doing and over-doing and doing brown every imbecile who was idiot enough to winter here and to actually enjoy it. Let us do unto others as we expect others to do unto us, but let us do it first," and so on. On the contrary, these exceptions proved the rule that nowhere are there so many honest and kindly Bonifaces than along this happy coast. Many of them had a very hard time, due to strikes, and more especially to the eight-hour day with a whole twenty-four hours off once a week. The cooking staffs had, in some cases, to be increased by a third in consequence. I know personally that the rent of my flat has been doubled, the wages I give trebled, and my taxes are about six times higher these last two years. It seems to many old residents extraordinary that prices have remained so low. Nearly everywhere the good example of the hotel proprietors at Monte Carlo in deciding not to raise any prices, and, in not a few cases, to lower them and to post up in all hotels and pensions the rate of pension for each room throughout the season, is being followed.

Photograph *Horn*

DUCHESSE DE VALENTINOIS

On the famous golf course at Mont Agel. She is a grand-daughter and heiress of the Prince of Monaco



SKETCHES BY A. K. MACDONALD

THE MORNING RIDE—VENUS AND MARS

IN Italy, too, with the present exchange, you can secure very fair terms, but there the proprietors are rather in the grip of Bolshevism and Communism, and dare not dismiss an insolent waiter or act as free men, and things are not always too pleasant for the British, who are not the favourites they used to be. Still, from San Remo to the French frontier there is many a bargain in cheap and good living to be found. Everywhere there are prices to suit all purses—quite fair hotels from 20 francs upwards. The

(*Continued on page* 482)

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By Our Bolshevik Artist—

Dainty scenes such as Fragonard would have loved to limn are to be seen on every hand. Here we have the haute monde picnicking on the Terrasse amidst enchanting surroundings that outvie Southend in gaiety and splendour.

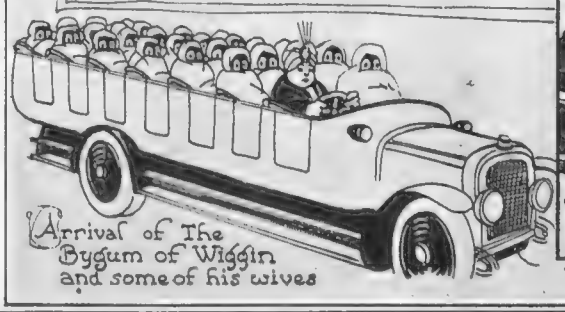
Yet tragedy stalks grim and spectral in this Elysium. Here an enraged husband has chastised his wife for going Nap on a No-Trump hand at Rouge-et-Noir

The Promenade is almost as cosmopolitan as that of Golders Green. Above (reading from left to right) may be seen La Pianissima della Cello, Princess Swastika, Le Duc de Sacre-Bleu (and friend), The Grand Siam of Siam, Countess Roux, Baron Sanque-Palanz, The Begorra of Awaywai (and friend), and La Petite Tu-Tu who has had a whole table placed at her sole disposal by the Casino.

Lady seeking tip from the jockey of the favorite in Petits Chevaux

KEEPING FIT

The physical strain tries even the hardiest and those who would shine at Petits Chevaux must be trained to the ounce.



Arrival of The Bygum of Wiggin and some of his wives

The Casino gives every service possible to its patrons. Above the suicides in the cold dawn are being provided with weapons by the kindly management who also supply a motor-hearse to take the unfortunates quickly to the cemetery.

Kuninghamoski

BY KUNINGHAMOSKI

—Who has never been to the Riviera, but who studies the Press cuttings and writes captions for the Cinema

History Up to Date

BY THOMAS JAY

THE following items of news are reproduced and interpreted by an expert from early Egyptian tablets recently unearthed in Cairo, for which the Egyptians, it appears, accept no responsibility.

* * *

OUR Ararat correspondent reports extensive floods in the region of Damascus. Mr. Noah petitions the Colonial Secretary to send immediate Naval Relief Party.

* * *

THE Prime Minister, speaking at the Albert Hall, points out that this is a flood to end floods.

* * *

INTERVIEWED to-day, Mrs. Jonah expressed grateful thanks that her husband, who had been missing from home for three days and three nights, has been traced through a photograph in a daily illustrated.

* * *

REPORTED end of the Trojan War. Achilles' heel gives out. Fight declared off. Our special correspondent on the "Economic Aspect of Heels in Warfare."

* * *

TROY reported fallen. Our special commissioner interviews Miss Helen of Troy. The dresses of Helen described by our fashion expert.

* * *

GREAT conflagration at Rome. Extensive damage, Nero arrested for arson. Violin sold to defray expenses. Sir Marshall Hall briefed for the defence. Another powerful article next week, entitled "Shall Nero Hang?"

* * *

REPORTED discovery of America. Matter not to be hushed up. Columbus walks down Broadway wearing Sandringham hat. Mr. George Washington elected patron saint of American Press.

* * *

LATER: All hope abandoned. Discovery of America confirmed. We purchase exclusive picture rights in the discovery. America officially declared open.

* * *

SIR THOMAS LIPTON lunches with Columbus and discusses his chance of winning the America Cup.

* * *

DIOGENES reported to have died, bequeathing most of the jokes now in use on the music-hall stage. Patent rights in the deceased gentleman's lantern purchased by well-known London electric light firm.

* * *

EMPEROR NAPOLEON threatens to invade England. Lord Nelson recalled to Admiralty. Hurried decision deprecated until the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Unions' Congress has met.

* * *

THE Rocket, the first railway engine, makes trial run. Great success. Sir Eric Geddes decides to be born. Bank Rate remains unchanged.

* * *

SPANISH Armada puts to sea. Suggested that Prime Minister form a Coalition Government. Plymouth Bowls Club opened by Sir Francis Drake.

T. J.

"DREAM Clothes From Paris," says a fashion article. Many women confess that this is about all they *can* do nowadays!

* * *

"All will come right in the end."—GENERAL SIR FRANCIS LLOYD. Maybe, but we'd rather it came right *before* the end!

* * *

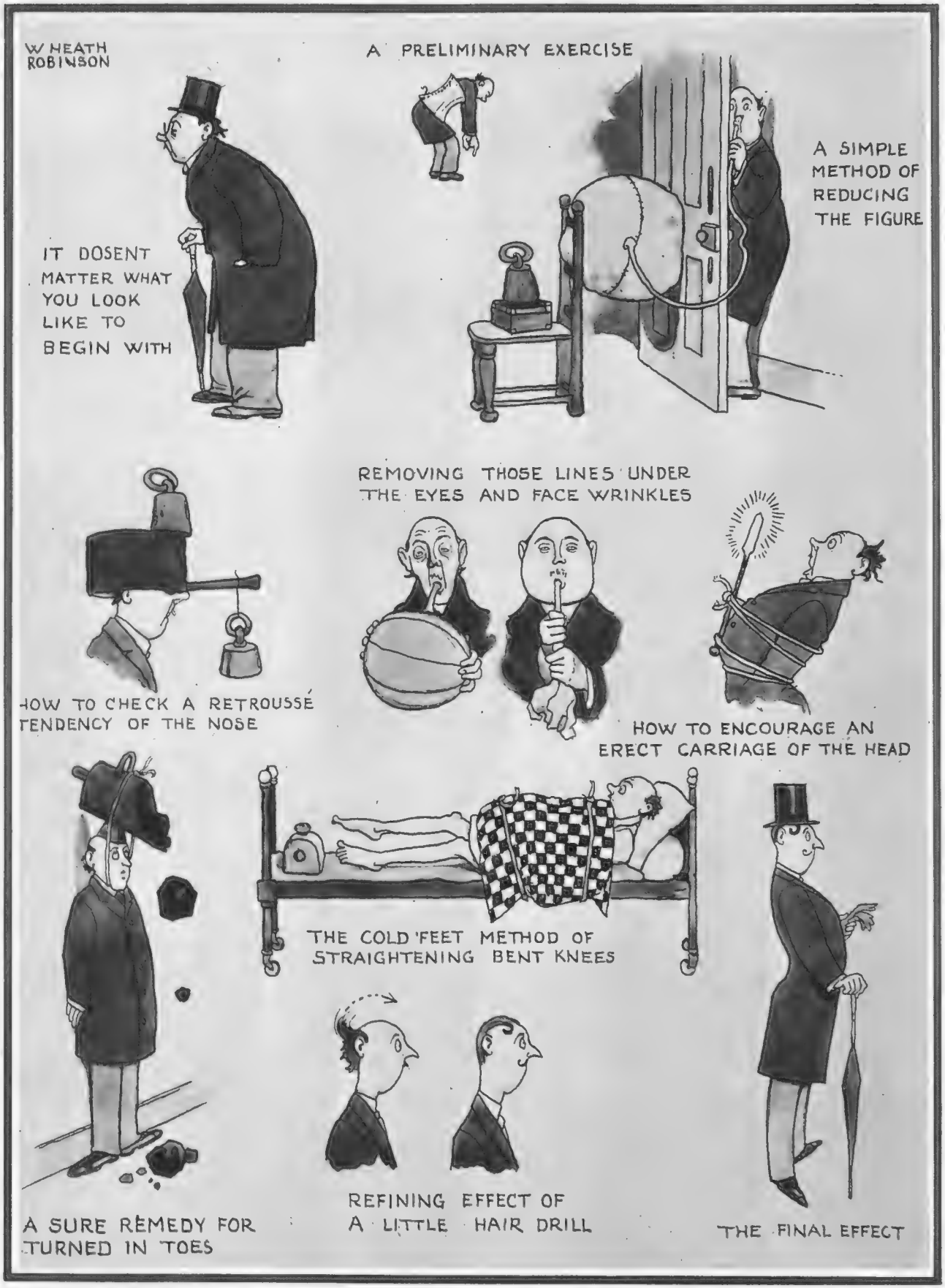
"Of all the countries I have seen there is none like England."—EMIR OF KATSINA. The Emir voices our thoughts to a nicety!

IN THE WINGS

By STAN TERRY

"But fancy expecting her to keep a secret!"
"Why not? She's kept everything else I've trusted her with!"

Would You Be Beautiful?



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A few suggestions for the plain by a well-known beauty specialist

THE EGG AND SPINSTER BREAKFAST

WASHING UP

THE BACHELOR'S DELIGHT

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLISH LIFE—

The Eternal Triangle

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

"Le Mari, la Femme—

MES AMIS—

OUR Sacha the Scintillant has sown the seeds of the *sensationnel*, and there is much of the ado about it. Sacha of the Surprises has the habitude to be up to the tricks of this sort all of the time. But he has not ever confronted the *confrères* and the critics with the shock that this new adventure has inflicted. For the Guitry gladiator has had the audacity to break the "Eternal Triangle." Which is almost to say that he has pushed overboard the chief cargo of the French stage. You who know the French plays will ask with us what is the old ship to carry if there is no more "Eternal Triangle." Foundation of the fortunes of so many of the past and the present playwrights, what are the future merchants of the plots to proffer if the old, sure stock is now to be regarded as out of the date? *Voilà la question palpitante* that the *enfant terrible* has posed before the purveyors and the purchasers! There is the fear that we shall be involved in all kinds of the complications.

To explain the nature of the bombshell of Sacha one must tell a little about his play of the present and those of the past. As he has made "the season" of London, the most of you will remember how has been his habit to stage the adventures of "Le Mari, La Femme et L'Autre." Or sometimes it has been the other way about with the mishaps of "The Wife, the Husband, and the Other Lady." But always the Triangle. He has been able to strike the merry sounds and the sad sounds on the old Triangle, and to make the music for all the sorts of the emotions. *En effet* not anyone has been able to compose more of the variations on the theme which has been regarded to be inexhaustible. And now he goes to suggest that the staid old Triangle has sounded its last note.

THERE can be not any other conclusion from the fact that he has made his latest play out of a Quadrangle. And even if he had not had the intention to deal the death to the Triangle, the consequence that his *Jacqueline* has had the *grand succès* would have produced the result irrespective of the desire. For there are always the emulants in the realms of the successes. It is so much more easy to follow up the ideas of the triumphants than for one to have the triumphant ideas of his own.

AND there is always the question of the *goût publique*. It is not only that Sacha Guitry has the ability to write the plays which have the appeal to himself. He is the great deal more able than that. He has the gift to understand the plays which have the appeal to the people

to Become a Rhomboid

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

who pay to see them. And after having understanded he can go into a corner and write just exactly these plays. That, you have to admit, is the most supreme talent. *Certes*, there is not anyone who does keep his ear so close to the ground of the theatrical affairs as our *vif* Sacha. And as this is not in the least a secret, there are those who just wait and watch what Sacha goes to do, and then set about to do in the same direction. If possible, better. But that, of course, is more often a hope than a realisation.

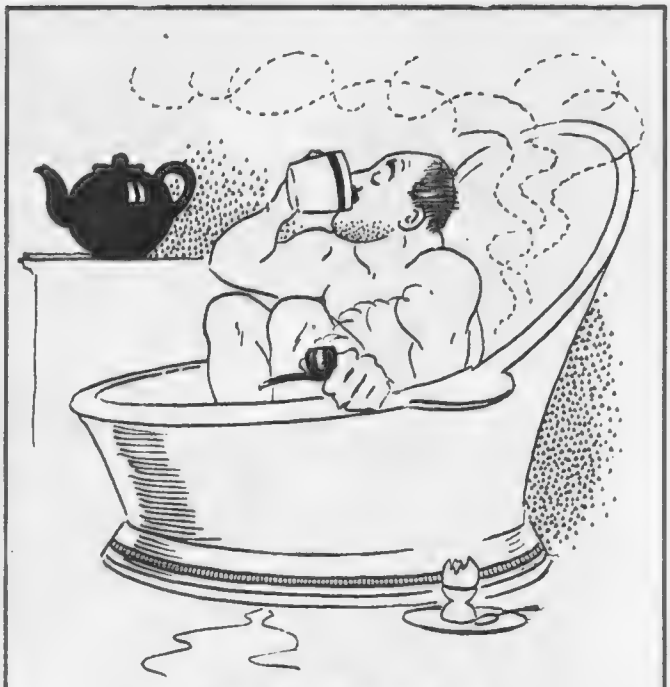
So this is the awful situation. Sacha has made his play about two husbands and two wives. And he has slain both of the ladies. That is a little more than strong; it is iconoclastic. It has opened up the prospect of the slaughters without the end. It has introduced the principle of the *revanche* upon the

"She has only shot her rival"

—et l'Autre"

revenger. Like this one may go on for ever and ever. There is the new feature that the second lady has not done at all the sort of thing which has been the pastime of the first one. She has only shot her rival when she has caught her with her husband. And that, in France, has been long considered a perfectly proper thing to do. In fact, the husband of the first lady has straightaway presented his congratulations. Force of habit is very strong in these matters.

But in a little while a change does take place in the outlook of the widowed husband. He has come under the sway of the sweet memories of the wife whom he has adored. The anger over the betrayal has departed before the sorrow over the loss. And he can think of no better solace—or perhaps it is the satisfaction—than to strangle the other woman. It is at this point that Sacha Guitry has left off. Most probably he has the belief that he has made sufficient of the slaughter for the preliminary excursion beyond the confines of the Triangle. But that will not do at all. There is the other husband still to be reckoned with



THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY

AGAIN THAT EGG

SKETCHES BY M. BUTCHER

THE SPORTING GIRL

—ELICITED FROM ALPHONSE, THE GARÇON D'HÔTEL

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE (*concluded*)

The first husband, who has been really an outsider so far as the women have been concerned, has felt himself entitled to one "kill." Is it at all likely that the second husband, who has had both of the ladies at his call, shall accept meekly his solitude without to exercise his "right to kill" also?

ONE can scarcely believe that even Sacha shall think so, although he has the opportunity to retaliate that his play has been considered a *chef d'œuvre* up to the *point d'arret* which he has determined, and that shall be surely enough for any author. Also he is able, if necessary, to carry forward the excuse that he has had to conform to the limits of the story of Duvernois out of which he has made this play of *Jacqueline*. But that is where it has seemed to me that the ground-ear of Sacha must be appreciated as the signal station for the future developments.

"The wife, the husband, and—the other lady"

HIS *poste d'écoute* has recorded that here has been a new sensation for a public which may be no longer moved by the exhausted "situations." But the next time he must have to tread a pace further in advance. And if it is not he, there will be another—one of the watchers and the waiters. At the view of the success of the Guitry Quadrangle, there may be a writer who shall give to us an Octangle, in the which the *descendants* of the protagonists shall continue the call to outwipe into the next generation. Possibly we shall arrive eventually at a Rhomboid, which shall finish up with everybody dead. It is Sacha who has to be blamed for this. He has broken down the barrier. Not ever again can it be set up.

ROLAND

"Than to strangle the other woman"

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(PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE)

M. DUG-OUT
A handyman of the British Army.—
Signed O.K.

LORD GEORGE
Commonly called "George—the Dragon"

M. BADGINISKI
A great pianist, playing on his wireless instrument. Said to make a finer noise than any piano

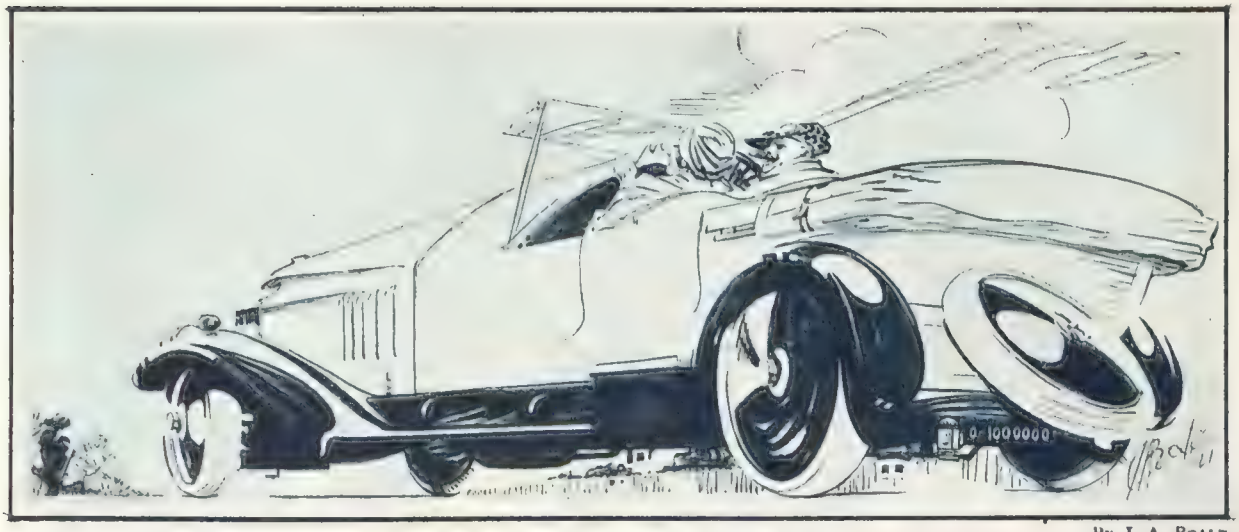
Photographs

MRS. IN BAULK
An authoress. Obtained great notoriety in the 21st Cent. by her Rummyniscences

G. P. U.

THE DUCHESS OF QUACKERY
A life-size portrait. Every inch a Duchess—every inch

Some reproductions of a very amusing exhibition of a "Loan Collection of Portraits" now being held at Gieves' Art Gallery. We append the bare descriptions of the official catalogue. Further comment seems unnecessary



THE FELINE TOUCH

By J. A. Beale

"Sound the horn loud, Sam—I want to make sure that that Smith woman sees we don't see her!"

REFLECTIONS ON THE RIVIERA

When autumn sheds her final leaf,
When east winds call for something woolly,
When nights are long and days are brief,
When roaring fires are "bully,"
When fog and frost combine to make
A hero of the early riser
Poised on the bath's chill brink, a-quake,
I always think it wiser
To winter (given cash and chance)
In comfort and the South of France.

Happy indeed is he whose feet
Lead him to warmth and lemon-squashes,
Who never wades down Regent Street
In oilskins and goloshes!
No prowling flu germ tracks him down,
No breeze his shrinking marrow freezes,
Nothing occurs to make him frown,
And every prospect pleases—
Sunshine in which to laze or range,
Good cooking, and a "bon" exchange!

So even when the God of Chance
(Or Goddess) flinging wide the portal,
Looks on his wagering askance,
And proves his "system" mortal—
Although he may not have a bean
Wherewith to buy a light confection,
His soul is soothed by this serene
And comforting reflection:
That far away across the foam
His pals are just as "broke" at home!

—E. L. Roberts

By J. Adams

THE TRUE "SPIRIT" OF ART

Mrs. Newly-Rich (*discussing contents of recently-acquired ducal picture gallery*): "And couldn't we have that pot o' beer painted out, 'Enery, and a nice glass of champagne put in its place? Beer looks so common!"

THE CULT OF CLOTHES

("How should Poets Dress?"—Daily Paper.)

Poetic Percy strove to dress
So that his clothes should all express
His passing moods: at close of day
He wore a suit of tender grey,
And when his manuscripts came back
He garbed himself in deepest black;
If one was published anywhere
Exultantly he chose to wear
Couleur de rose, a suit of this
Proclaimed aloud his state of bliss.
If jealously aroused his spleen
He went arrayed in emerald green,
And when, like any other man,
He chanced to back an "also ran,"
As he was feeling very blue,
He wore a suit of azure hue.

. . . . . .

His tailor, later it transpired,
Amassed a fortune and retired.

Leslie M. Oyler

A "Hot and Cold" Affair

BY H. H. HARRIS

"GOOD LORD! I MUST HAVE GOT INTO THE BATHROOM!"

Thank You, Phillips!

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by* MACMICHAEL

PHILLIPS is valet to Mr. Jim Hawley. He is, indeed, more than a mere valet. He is Hawley's *fidus Achates*. This is Latin, and it means in plain English that Phillips is, as it were, Hawley's *alter ego*. I could say more, but as it would only involve me still further in this complication, I propose to leave it at that. In addition to Jim Hawley there are Mrs. Hawley, his wife; Arthur Hawley, his uncle; and Mrs. Hawley's mother. If I wanted to gain a reputation for cheap wit I could say that the Hawleys are obviously hawl there; but THE BYSTANDER has always set its face against doubtful humour of that kind. So we will just get back to Phillips and learn what it is that he has done that they should thank him very much.

JIM HAWLEY is not a very brainy young man, and he has got into the way of relying on his valet in almost every contingency. It was Phillips, for instance, who suggested that Hawley should marry, and there are hints that it was Phillips who even indicated the lady who would make the most suitable partner for his master. Furthermore, on Phillips devolved the choice of the neighbourhood of the future home of the young people; and it was he who selected the house and the furniture. The story begins on Mrs. Hawley's birthday. Jim went to Town in the morning, and never even hinted at many happy returns, to say nothing of an acceptable birthday present. But the ever-watchful Phillips is there to stand loyally by his master in all times of tribulation. It is he who orders a nice diamond pendant from Bond Street, and hands it to Jim with the remark that it has just arrived by special messenger as arranged, he alleges, by Jim himself. Thus is another possible family jar adroitly nipped in the bud by the observant Phillips.

BUT the great feat performed by this very useful valet occurs just before a little dinner-party. Mrs. Hawley's mother is, as you might say, to be present in state, yet Hawley, in his forgetful and inconsequential way, has gone and invited Gerald and Rylda, a young couple who are not unfamiliar with the racy atmosphere of night clubs and salubrious places of that sort. But Phillips is ready for all emergencies. When the giddy young people arrive Phillips offers them each a cocktail, prepared in a masterly way by

JUDITH KYRLE
AS
RYLDA BARRINGTON

his own cunning hand. He then suggests that, perhaps, Gerald would like to come into the servants' pantry and learn how to mix cocktails of this rare quality for himself and his fortunate friends. Gerald accepts the offer readily, and the next we hear of him is that he has been "mixing his drinks," with the usual disastrous consequences. As a guest at the select dinner-party he is, consequently, *hors d'œu re*—I mean *hors de combat.* (I am afraid this sort of thing is rather frivolous; but I don't think it is out of keeping with the spirit of the play).

GERALD having been disposed of, the case of Rylda is the next down for hearing, as it were. Phillips mixes another cocktail with more than special care, and on learning that Rylda finds it much to her taste gives her yet another. About this time Rylda begins to find it a little difficult to collect her thoughts, and as the family car happens to be waiting at the door Phillips very considerately leads the lady to it, and dumps her down on the back seat. So far the experiment is attended with gratifying success; but it has a sting in its tail. Rylda, on coming to herself, writes to Mrs. Hawley, protesting indignantly that she has been maliciously drugged. Of course, nothing of the kind actually has happened to her. As one of the players remarks, the lady's assumption of drugging is merely due to her unfamiliarity with the usual symptoms. I am not quite sure that we welcome suggestions of feminine intoxication on the stage, but it has to be admitted that the idea is very ably and very delicately conveyed by Miss Judith Kyrle.

THE third act takes place in Hawley's dressing-room, where, as part of the action of the play, he is duly lathered and shaved by his faithful valet. This is a spectacular treat we should probably be willing to forego, especially as its elimination would not disturb the course of the story in any way. At this stage we learn that Rylda has consulted her solicitor about the alleged drugging, and has decided to bring an action to recover damages. Just how far you damage people by letting them take too much of your expensive liquors I have yet to learn. In any case, I should think it could be claimed that Rylda was an

Continued on page 495

F.J NETTLEFOLD
AS PHILLIPS
JOHN DEVERELL
AS
JIM HAWLEY

The Eternal Question

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

"To think that a thousand stars gaze down upon us!"
"Really—is my hair quite straight?"

accessory to the fact. The truth is that Rylda is moving merely out of spite. She threw her cap at Hawley a little while before the drinking incident, and he was lamentably unresponsive to her overtures. And, as the poet has so daintily remarked, Hell itself contains no lodgers so desperate as a woman scorned.

MARIE ILLINGTON AS MRS FRANKLIN

HAWLEY, as usual, takes his troubles to Phillips, who sees an easy way out. He will immolate himself on the altar of family peace. Hawley must discharge Phillips, and give as his reason for doing so the ghastly misconduct of the valet in giving one of his lady guests a drop too much. About this time, for no very good reason that I could see, Mrs. Hawley decides to pack her boxes and to go back to mother. But she has reckoned without Phillips. In a few well-chosen words he appeals to her to consider the awful seriousness of the step she is contemplating, and Mrs. Hawley promptly changes her mind and decides to stay on with her exasperating husband. But there is still Rylda to dispose of. While a family council is sitting to discuss her letter to Mrs. Hawley, Rylda carries the war into the enemy's camp by paying the Hawleys a morning call and asking them what they are going to do about it. It is pointed out to her that she was not drugged; but she insists on that version of the incident as it is much prettier than the cold drab fact that, having found a tipple that tickled her palate agreeably, she drank more of it than she could carry with the dignity of a perfect lady.

BUT here, again, Phillips comes to the rescue. Having been discharged, he changes into a fashionable suit, and presents himself not as Phillips merely, but as Dr. Phillips, the eminent psychologist. As a doctor he is able to assure Rylda that she was not drugged, but slightly "overcome" (I think that is the word; but I am ready to apologise if I am mistaken). So all ends happily. Mr. F. J. Nettlefold is in great form as Phillips, a part that suits him admirably, his serious demeanour during the most humorous complications adding considerably to the fun of the thing.

JUDITH KYRLE AND JOHN DEVERELL

MR. JOHN DEVERELL is quaintly droll as the inept Hawley, and Miss Doris Lytton as Mrs. Hawley plays with vigour and much charm. Miss Marie Illington as Mrs. Hawley's mother has one of those amusingly acid parts of the suspicious woman of the world, full of wise saws and smart sayings. The play did not impress me as being unusually entertaining, but the dialogue has many bright points and neat epigrams that are wholly delightful. JINGLE

Femina

Keep Your Grandmother's Furniture

BY MRS. M. VINCE

WHAT one generation makes the next despises, and the next collects. England today is thoroughly ashamed of the Victorian Age, in exactly the way that people are ashamed of impossible relations, whose relationship nevertheless cannot be denied. The feeling against Victorianism seems to be getting stronger. It varies from amused contempt to abusive hatred. A very well-known woman novelist the other day was describing Victorianism as "the curse of England," as a thing that had done us "infinite harm," and "contaminated us by its evil influence."

YET the interesting thing is that while we still laugh at it, or grow angry with it, we are already beginning to collect the things that it made I think that this must be the first sign of the turn of the tide. It is the more interesting because Victorian furniture and decorating were among the first of the Victorian things that a later generation found that it could not stand. But now these things which were expelled, not so very long ago, from private houses, are beginning to find their way to museums and have their price in the antique shops.

AT one time, early Victorian domestic art was summed up, and dismissed, in three words —antimacassars and imitation fruit. The fruit which our Grandmothers cherished under glass cases, which our Mothers quietly put out of the way, and which we laughed at as indescribably stupid and old-fashioned, is now displayed in the old shops.

AT South Kensington Museum, in the furniture section, where there are wonderful old mantelpieces and panelled rooms taken from 17th and 18th century houses, a collection is now being made of the furniture of the early Victorian time, its heavy mahogany, its chairs with their leather seats buttoned down, its *papier-maché* tables with inlaid painted mother-of-pearl. No doubt we shall soon see the horse-hair sofa take its appointed place. Good or bad, beautiful or ugly, these things belong to an age that is gone. We see now how much they belong to it, how distinctive they are. They have an historical value. A museum cannot be without them. But it is not only in South Kensington Museum that they are treasured. There is more and more early Victorian furniture in the antique shops.

THE truth very largely is, of course, that people who collect must collect something, and those who live by other people's collecting must have something new to tempt them with. For some time the glass paper-weights with coloured views underneath, which once were to be bought for twopence, have been a fancy with collectors, and their price has gone up to a guinea and more. Now a new fashion has started. The latest glass for collectors to appear in the shops is the glass marble with coloured spirals. We used to buy these for a penny or two in the toy shops when we were children. Now we must go to the antique shops, where they are priced not by the penny but by the shilling.

IT is the same with furniture. Collectors have their fashions like other people. There was a time when, Chippendale being the rage, Queen Anne chairs could be bought for very little, and the present enormous prices for all 18th century furniture go back only a very few years. A set of six Chippendale chairs was sold the other day for four hundred pounds. Ten years ago these chairs would have cost no more than forty. Not so very long ago one could pick up Chippendale chairs for a few shillings each. Now that the furniture of the 18th century has become prohibitive, and the prices are only possible for the wealthy American, more modest lovers of "old things" must find another period. That is why I say "Keep your Grandmother's furniture." But the enormous price of 18th century furniture does not altogether explain the return of early Victorian. There is more than that to be said for it. It is growing old, and already it is beginning to have that indefinable quality which belongs to all old things. Nor would it have endured unless it had had a virtue that a great deal of more graceful furniture has not. It was well and honestly made. M. V.

"A CLEAN-CUT YOUNG MAN" By Victor Hicks

Fighting Fair

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A PATHETIC EPISODE IN THE NEXT WAR

"A Sun-sweet Place of Mountain, Sea and Sky"

Photograph *A. S. A.*

A charming view of Villefranche, nestling in the dreamlike bay between the Cap de Nice and Cap Ferrat

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Pierrot & Gigolo

by Esmé Wynne Tyson

THE most famous Gigolo of the season was Pierre D'Antan, of the Hotel Zed, which, for the sake of *les convenances*, we must situate vaguely between Monaco and the Cap D'Antibes.

Pierre, or Pierrot, as he was called by his fair and numerous *patronnes*, true to his pet name, was an extraordinarily romantic figure, dark-eyed, mournful, slim, with midnight hair rippling back from a classic and ivory brow, a charming scarlet mouth, and long, supple hands. But yet, in spite of his appearance, Pierrot was a man. He had a pocket full of medals gained during the War, which had left him with little else than this unsubstantial glory. It was because man cannot subsist on the memory of valiant deeds alone, because other work seemed impossible to obtain, and because he had always been able to dance like a dream, that Pierrot became a gigolo on the famous Côte d'Azur.

How the ladies flocked to the hotel which he adorned! The proprietor was not blind to the fact that he was a distinct commercial asset, and Pierrot's salary had been a considerable one for some time now. Then there were presents. . .

Ladies who love dancing will bribe for the pleasure of owning such a perfect dancer as partner, especially when his profile is as perfect as his art.

But Pierrot was too beautiful, and, after three months, during which his *clientèle* became ever larger and more unmanageable as new people arrived and old clients declined to depart, *les scandales* he had occasioned threatened to be brought to a head.

There was the young Marquise, for example, married to one by many years her senior, whose head was bald and figure corpulent, everyone could see that she was *folle*—Pierrot had only to say the word.

But Pierrot was not a man of words, probably he had no time for them. He looked all his romance out of a pair of slumbrous, soulful eyes and that sufficed his dancing partners. Each thought that melting glance was for her alone.

Then there was the buxom Mrs. Waddle, perhaps the richest client of the Hotel Zed. She made a perfect idiot of herself over the gigolo, interested onlookers said. Everyone knew his black pearl studs and sleeve-links had been her gifts, not to mention the diamond-studded cigarette-case, the gold and diamond holder. One would imagine that she had bought the young man body and soul with such gifts. But no, he very rarely danced with her.

She was content with his excuse:

"One has to dance with so many clamouring clients, madame, that one has no time to dance with those whom one would prefer."

Pierrot was politic.

It was a Sunday night, and the annoyance of the masculine element of the Hotel Zed seemed to have united against the women and the gigolo. There were murmurings in the card-rooms and the lounges.

Mrs. Waddle had danced with Pierrot three times in the afternoon. She was delighted. And, in the evening, a small parcel passed from her hands to his. Unfortunately, her husband saw the transaction. He demanded her presence on one of the terraces. There his disapproval found words.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Damn it all, you shan't spend my money on presents for that little bounder. I'm sick of all this nonsense—making a fool of yourself and me. Over what? Scum, a gigolo. . . . You're old enough to know better. No fool worse than an old fool——"

The monologue continued to drift into the blue, romantic air. In her outraged heart Mrs. Waddle knew at that moment Pierrot had only to ask and she would leave the odious Waddle and all he stood for and follow him to the ends of the earth.

But Pierrot, inside, was dancing with the adorable Marquise. They were so beautifully matched that people stopped dancing to watch them. None could mistake the expression in her eyes. And, when the dance finished, they went together to a secluded corner behind the palms. Directly she was seated Pierrot turned to go, but she held something out to him. It was a ring containing a single diamond of great value.

"Take it, Pierrot."

"Oh, no, madame, I——"

"I insist."

She thrust it into his hand, while her eyes promised him even dearer favours. She had made up her mind that night that wealth and honour were well lost for a little youth, romance, and beauty, in a word, Pierrot. The ring was the symbol of this resolution. To-morrow she would tell him. It was enough for to-night that he accepted the symbol, which, after a moment, as

"PIERROT—THE GIGOLO" (*concluded*)

if making up his mind to a decisive step, he did.

His next dance was with a young English girl, who looked very like a pink rose, especially when she gazed into Pierrot's eyes. She was engaged to a rather dull Englishman, who played golf most of the day and bridge most of the night. But to-night he was watching the dancers.

When his *fiancée* had left the gigolo's arms he led her away from the ballroom.

"How can you dance with—that?" he asked, abruptly.

The pink rose, turned pinker. "Pierrot? He dances divinely. If only you could dance as well——"

"Thanks. But my services are free; you have to pay a hundred francs for your—gigolo."

The rose was quite crimson now. "You're a beast to speak of him like that—poor boy! He has to earn his living. People like you who do nothing. . . ."

"Poor boy! I tell you what, Mavis, if you dance with that creature again I'm through. For the last week you've done nothing but chase after him. And I won't have it."

"Oh!" Mavis could trust herself no longer. She broke from him and ran to her room. How dared he say such things! She had never really thought of it before, but now she knew she would gladly change her *fiancé* for Pierrot, the gallant, the romantic, who would never dream of speaking like that. To-morrow she would dance with him all day. And that would effectively break the engagement, which now seemed to her insupportable.

Before Pierrot left the ballroom that night a young bride had become temporarily estranged from her husband, a father had chided his flapper daughter, a fiery Spaniard was threatening his flambuoyant and beautiful lady, and the general decision of the men was—the gigolo must go.

. . . . . .

It was long past two before Pierrot was free to run through the moonwhite streets to the little flat up endless stairs, where Pierrette awaited him. Pierrette, in a frilled sleeping suit, tumbled up in a big armchair by a dying fire, with two shining plaits falling to her waist, long lashes sweeping her pale cheeks, and a mouth like a rose-bud. Pierrette sleeping. And around her stood packing-cases and hat-boxes, suggesting a removal.

With a kiss Pierrot awakened her and poured a handful of presents on to her lap—the Marquise's ring, Mrs. Waddle's diamond studded watch, a jade seal and other gifts of the evening.

"More for you, beloved." He held her tightly. "And to-morrow no more foolish ladies. Paris, *ma petite*, a home of our own—given to us by the foolish ladies."

Pierrette blinked sleepy eyes. "Then it's all over! I'm so glad, *mon* gigolo. What did your dancing partners say?"

"Oh, M'sieur the *propriétaire* did not warn them of my departure out of consideration for my feelings—and his business. I shall be quietly replaced to-morrow by Jacques, who is as ugly as a marmot and as fat as a slug."

Pierrot stirred the fire into flame, it shone on the ring of the Marquise.

"Oh," said Pierrette, and "Oh! she must have loved much to have given you this." Her tone was pitying.

Pierrot looked into her eyes; "Love? What do they know of love—these rich? With their whims and foolishness and artificial passions?" he asked. "The stone is good. It will buy the cradle, the basket, and many more things for little Pierrot."

This, you see, was another reason why Pierrot had been forced to turn gigolo.

He took Pierrette's hand, and together they stared into the kindled fire, dreaming of the little villa they should buy in one of the suburbs of Paris, where they would at last live respectably *en petits bourgeoises*.

. . . . . .

Next day the feminine element at the Hotel Zed received a severe shock and the men openly triumphed.

In Pierrot's place stood Jacques, certainly as ugly as a marmot, as fat as a slug, symbolic of disillusionment and of the dregs in the cup of romance.

GOOD FOR HIM! By Arthur Ferrier

"Do you think she'll make him a good wife?"
"I don't know so much about that, but she'll make him a good husband"

"Just Like June Roses"

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

MISS MARY MERRALL

A charming photograph of this clever actress in the frock of "June Roses" which she wore at the recent Victory Ball. Miss Merrall, who is now acting in "The Speckled Band," will very shortly be seen in a new production

Exit Flat Racing

BY "THE TOUT"

TURF CELEBRITIES IN CARICATURE

The end of the flat racing season found Mr. Solly Joel at the head of the winning owners. Our artist introduces a piquant allusion to the cheque problem, which is troubling racing people just now. Alec Taylor and S. Donoghue top the trainers and jockeys respectively

Photograph *Central News*

PRESENTATION TO CAPT. R. B. BRASSEY

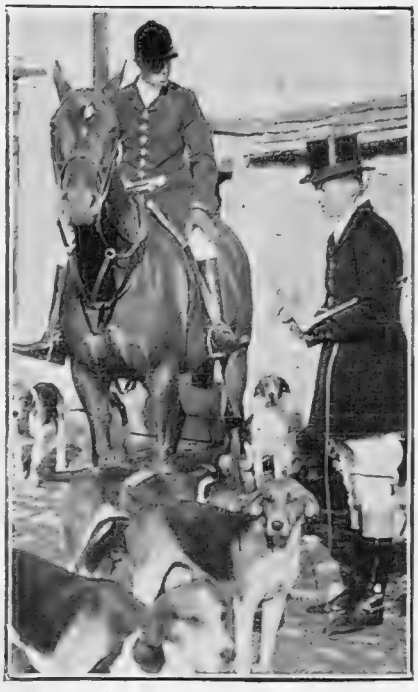
Captain Brassey and his wife (who was Lady Dalmeny) at a recent meet of the Heythrop at Chipping Norton, when a presentation of a silver model of a fox-hound was made to Captain Brassey on his retirement from the Mastership

By Field, Stream & Covert

Photograph *Central News*

THE MASTER OF THE EGLINTON

The first meet of the Eglinton since the Marchioness of Bute was appointed Master of the Hunt was held at Fullarton House, near Troon (Ayrshire) recently. There was a large field in honour of the new "Master"



Photograph *Sport and General*

RECENT MEET OF THE WHADDON CHASE

Lord Chesham, with the huntsman and hounds, at the meet at Creslow, Bucks

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Congratulations!

No section of the community is more delighted at the betrothal of Princess Mary than that which is devoted to field sports. For we know that our Princess Charming cannot have gone wrong in yielding her hand to one who has proved himself so good an all-round sportsman and so gallant a soldier as Lord Lascelles. Foxhunters are glad that to an M.F.H. should fall the priceless honour of wedding Their Majesties daughter, who, for her part, has already shown that she is no less keen than her sport-loving brothers to take part in the joys of the Chase.

Some Good Runs

The Princess has held her own in several good gallops with the West Norfolk Hounds, which she naturally regards as her home pack. In Yorkshire they are hoping that she will, in due course, ride with the Bramham Moor, of which her *fiancé* lately became joint Master. Lord Lascelles has taken a conspicuous part in racing affairs since the War. It cannot be said that his luck has been good so far. With Galroy, for example, he was badly disappointed; but I hope that fortune will turn his way now that he has sent a number of young horses to Egerton House, including several very promising yearlings which Dick Marsh has purchased on his behalf.

Sport at Last

At last the hunting season may be said to have got into full swing. Its start in the Shires was much later than usual, but hounds found the conditions last week tolerably favourable, and there was no lack of really good hunting runs. The Pytchley made a most promising beginning from Brixworth Hall, the Duke of York being among those who enjoyed the good gallops which Frank Freeman and his hounds showed on that occasion. Later in the week the same young sportsman was lucky enough to come in for the best day of the season so far with the Belvoir Hounds.

Lively Gallops

The guest of the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, he met the famous pack at Croxton Park. With scent for a change serving well, hounds had a series of lively gallops over some of the best country in the Shires. The Atherstone had a good eight-mile point last week, so hounds have settled down well, in spite of having been so severely handicapped by the drought all through cubhunting.

Women to the Fore

"Still they come!" is the cry with regard to women M.F.H.'s, the latest addition to the list being the Marchioness of Bute, who has just taken Lord Eglinton's place in the attractive Scottish country which bears the latter's name. Time was when it would have been unsafe for any Hunt Committee to put up the name of a lady for the Mastership, especially in the Shires. Hard-bitten fox-hunters would have fought shy of "petticoat government." They would have wanted to know what on earth the sport was coming to! But times are changed and customs with them. We now find even the fashionable Shires with their women M.F.H.'s, while in the "provinces" the number of ladies who have taken on the leadership of hunting countries approaches double figures. What would Mr. Jorrocks have said to it all?

Two Hardy Annuals

Two hardy annuals are practically indispensable for hunting people who wish to keep in touch with the affairs of the sport. One is *Baily's Hunting Directory* and the other is the *Hunting Diary*. Each possesses individual features, which renders one as useful as the other, so I advise you to get both. *Baily's* is published by Vinton's, Bream's Buildings, E.C., at 10*s.* 6*d.*, and may be said to present the whole history of foxhunting in a convenient form. It tells you everything that is worth knowing about every hunting country.

BY FIELD, STREAM, AND COVERT (concluded)

A Mine of Information

THE *Hunting Diary* comes from S. B. Vaughan, 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., at 3*s.* 6*d.*, and is all that its name implies, for besides containing a mine of useful information it provides the means of keeping a complete diary for the hunting months. A. W. C.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The Past Season

INDUSTRIOUS statisticians were working overtime last week-end getting out the complete record of the racing season. We have surveyed with respect the list of winning owners, and offer our congratulations to Mr. Solly Joel, Lord Astor, and Lord Derby, who fill the leading places in the order named. It would render these compilations much more instructive if we were told the average number of horses which each owner kept during the season. Lord Derby's total of more than £20,000 in stakes looks handsome enough, but I wonder what sort of profit his account for the year shows at Messrs. Weatherby's?

Enormous Expenses

SPORTSMEN who race on the scale of Lord Derby have to spend an enormous amount in fees of all kinds. It will have cost this owner considerably more than one-fourth of his winnings in jockeys alone. Then you have to take into account the great expense of running a big establishment like Stanley House, with forage and nearly everything else much more costly than it was before the War.

The Sporting Owner

FORTUNATELY for the best interests of racing, owners, for the most part, are not in the game with the object of making money out of it. If they have a successful season and make their horses pay for themselves, well and good. But they realise that this can only happen in exceptional years, and they are satisfied with the interest and enjoyment which their support of the Turf gives them. There are, of course, other owners who bet freely and substantially, and manage to make their stables pay in that way. But you can take it that the majority of owners do not rejoice in a big cash balance on the right side so far as their stables are concerned.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

A WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWER OF THE OLD BERKSHIRE

Miss Cross, daughter of Mr. J. C. Cross, of Kitemore, Faringdon, Berks., who is often to be seen out with this Pack

A Successful Year

FOR Mr. S. Joel the present year has been a great triumph. Very few of his horses have failed to pay for their corn, and he possesses such a remarkably good lot of two-year-olds that he can look forward next season to having another bumper. Lord Astor does not race on such an extensive scale as Mr. S. Joel or Lord Derby, and his string once again has handsomely paid its way. Yet the season has not been entirely satisfactory to him, for did not Craig an Eran just miss the greatest prize of all? while the colt's downfall in the St. Leger was even more mortifying than his defeat at Epsom.

Trainers and Jockeys

AMONG the trainers, Alec Taylor has again had a wonderful time. No wonder they sometimes refer to him as the Wizard of Manton. His patrons between them this year have won not far short of £60,000, this figure including the value of Lemonora's triumph in the Grand Prix de Paris. Mr. Joseph Watson, the owner of the Manton establishment, has done particularly well, and has every reason to congratulate himself upon having ventured into the racing world. "Steve" once more takes a strong lead on the list of winning jockeys. He is just as brilliant as ever he was. I recall his successes on Humorist in the Derby and on Crevasse in the Liverpool Cup as two of the finest examples of daring jockeyship I have ever seen. Frank Bullock and Carslake have maintained their reputations, and it is pleasant to know that there is plenty of good young talent now coming to the front among the jockeys.

Jumping

THIS week we have the jumpers as the centre of attraction, and we look like having a successful meeting at Newbury on Wednesday and Thursday. The National Hunt sport is always excellent on this course. It is interesting to note that the Great Western Railway are now charging reduced fares on their admirable specials to Newbury, a return to pre-War conditions for which racegoers are grateful. At the end of the week Kempton Park holds the fixture list. **Balthazar** may win the big hurdle race there on Friday, and **Full Stop** is my selection for the Norbiton Steeplechase on the second day.

Photograph] **WITH THE WEST KENT** *[Topical Press*

Mrs. Blackburne, Mrs. C. L. Fox, Major Arnold, and Miss Arnold, at the opening meet of the West Kent at The Kennels, Otford, Kent

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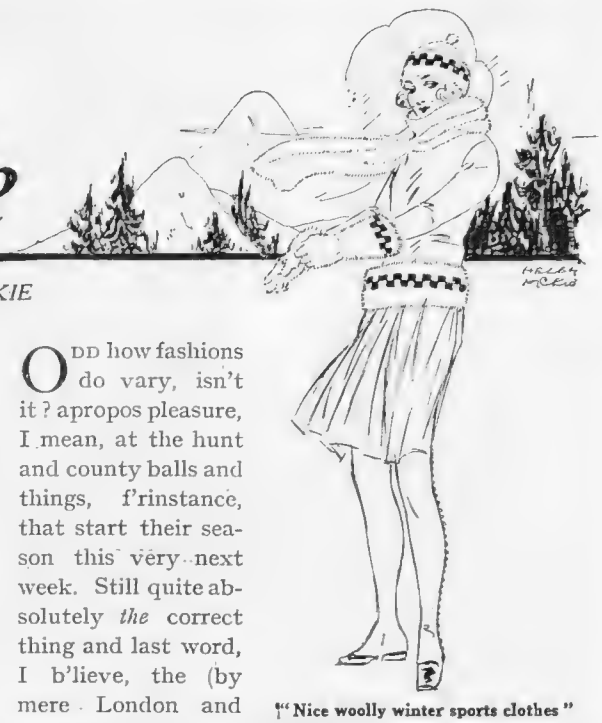
"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE



"Nice woolly winter sports clothes"

LONDON, *November* 28

DEAR COUSIN—

WE don't plan our lives, says one of the new writers of the moment in one of the new books of the moment—Mr. Beverley Nichols' *Patchwork* to wit. We live them haphazard, and try to colour them by just getting a few pleasures now and then . . .

卐 卐

BUT do we? Seems to me, on the cont., that we—most of us anyway—are rather given to arranging things for ourselves (and others) quite a surprisingly long way ahead, utterly regardless and oblivious of what may happen in between, and the shortness of life, and all the rest of it. And a good job, too, I s'pose—else how would they ever get really properly done, the serious business kind *or* the pleasure kind, what?

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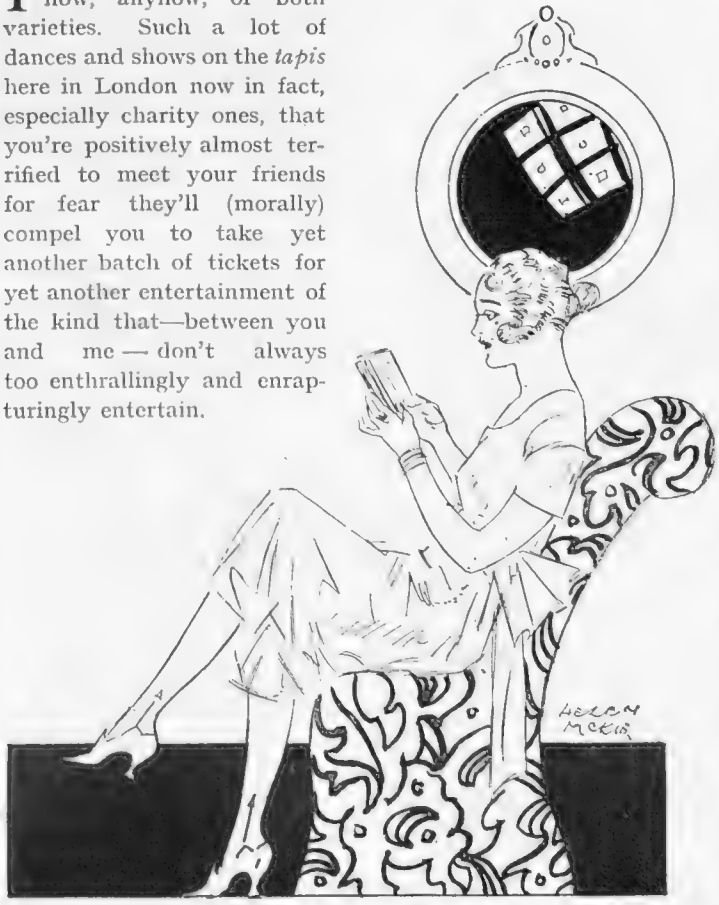
PLENTY of items on our future programme just now, anyhow, of both varieties. Such a lot of dances and shows on the *tapis* here in London now in fact, especially charity ones, that you're positively almost terrified to meet your friends for fear they'll (morally) compel you to take yet another batch of tickets for yet another entertainment of the kind that—between you and me—don't always too enthrallingly and enrapturingly entertain.



"Mr. Beverley Nichols' 'Patchwork'"

ODD how fashions do vary, isn't it? apropos pleasure, I mean, at the hunt and county balls and things, f'rinstance, that start their season this very next week. Still quite absolutely *the* correct thing and last word, I b'lieve, the (by mere London and Paris standards) just a bit overdressed modes of yesterday, which, I think, "Lucile" herself must really have in mind when she talks about Mrs. Grundy being "our bogey in dress matters," and how Englishwomen are afraid of "artistically displaying a dainty figure and a pretty arm and shoulder." Haven't noticed *much* sign of any suchlike terror myself, have you?

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HAVE just been reading Lady Angela Forbes' *very* personal, not to say indiscreet *Memories and Some Base Details*—some of the details being certainly more or less . . . well, as described. But the greatest joy whereof is the perfectly lovely picture groups—talking of how fashions change—with all the alleged smartest women of the day in the most wonderful high-shouldered leg-of-mutton sleeves and little tiny hard "boaters" with wide brims perched right on top of their heads, or else equally marvellous confections of fruit and flowers and feathers that the charwoman of to-day wouldn't be seen dead with on her Sunday out. And all only just a paltry twenty-five years or so ago!

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NOT *altogether* unamusing either, by the way (when you've read both)—Lady Angela's comments on a rival diarist who got in ahead of her by a few lengths. Margot (says she, sympathetically) has said almost too much about herself. . . . But, then, Margot is superbly tactless, and in her memoirs she has been even more tactless about herself than about her friends. . . . An almost unpardonable lack of reticence. . . . Has given prominence to

domestic anecdotes which would have been most happily ignored. . . . And what, I wonder, is Margot's comment on Angela?

卐 卐

"I ASK—with all humility," of course—to quote the not too fearfully cryptic inscription on an unnamed, but possibly guessable, portrait of a thin-faced lady, with book, which is one of the many bright spots in the delightful spoof show of "Ancestors" in Bond Street that's been causing us so much fun and amusement this last week. Done in all styles, you know, the pictures are, from Lely or Gainsborough to the very last Impressionist sort, and—which is the special joy of it—not one of 'em serious.

"'Kimono,' the book reviewers say, is a very daring book. 'Kissing,' it says, 'is a most disgusting practice.'"

卐 卐

THERE'S Baron Mess Pott in a steeple-crowned hat and long hair, looking very like Winston, and, in the Vandyck manner, Don Elrico Gaddes, "founder of the flourishing family." Also Austen dressed as a Cavalier, and Horatio B. undressed as Adam, and half of G.K.C.—because that's all of him the artist could get into the frame—and a "lady in bed" (can it be—well—er—anyhow if it is, she's *rather* gone off in looks?), and a Mrs. Leeder, with her pet swan, Joe Peter, which I certainly *hope* isn't meant for a likeness of a certain Princess . . . but, anyway, I gather the classic story of Jupiter and Leda isn't thought quite fit for us moderns to talk about—even in the very modernest memoirs or reminiscences and things!

卐 卐

WELL, well. . . . Thank God there's still *someone* in the world who can laugh, as the ever-fascinating Matheson Lang puts it in that cruelly moving and charmingly costumed play, *Christopher Sly*. And still have a smile or two on tap while the politicians and financier people are weeping and wailing over our coming commercial ruin and general collapse all round. And about whatever on earth's to happen to the poor old world if France and Japan won't fall into line with us and all that sort of thing.

"What will the Navy lads do?"

卐 卐

THOUGH a bit on the optimistic side, isn't it? to even begin to dream that we shall ever really see eye to eye about things with a country like Japan, where they seem to disagree with us right deep down about much more important points than any such minor matters as armaments or anything like that. Kissing, for instance.

卐 卐

WHICH the Japs, according to that very modern and what the properly bewhiskered book reviewer calls *daring* book, *Kimono*, by John Paris, consider "a most disgusting practice." They find the excuse that foreigners know no better, just as we excuse the dirty habits of natives. . . . But they quote the kiss as an indisputable proof of the lowness of our moral standard, and as a sign of the guilt, not so much of individuals as of our whole civilisation. . . . Which some people might think was rather a sort of an indisputable proof that there's *something* in the idea of washing out the Anglo-Jap Alliance as proposed—what?

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MUST confess I'm not all in favour of that silly old conference myself—not of their silly old navy-scrapping schemes, anyway. 'Cos, after all, what *will* all the poor dear darling things of the wardrooms and the gunrooms do (not to mention mere captains and admirals) if they haven't anywhere to live any more, so to speak? Simply won't bear thinking of, any more than one can endure to think, these days, of one's bills and taxes, or of the lucky people (if you aren't one of them yourself) who are just off to Egypt or Italy or the Riviera, or choosing the d'lightfullest woolly winter sports clothes for a joyous fortnight or month, or even more, at Mürren, or Wengen, or Davos, or St. Moritz.

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THOUGH, even for us who remain reluctantly and dutifully at home there are just a few consolations here in London now. First and foremost being (if you ask *me*) dancing—whether at the great Devonshire House ball or more ordinary and casual ones, such as, *par exemple*, at Ciro's or the Savoy or Claridge's or even Murray's.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

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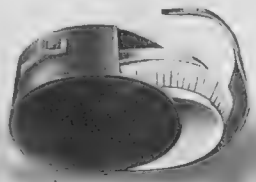

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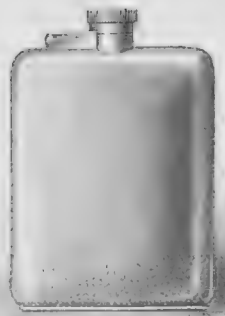

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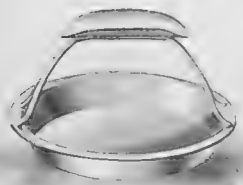

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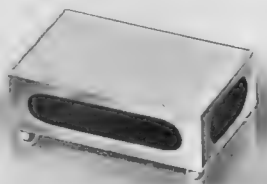

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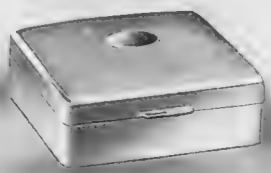

Solid Silver Engine-turned Cigarette Box, lined Cedar. Size 3¾ by 3¼ inches.

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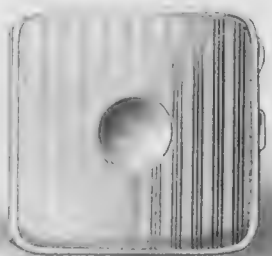

Solid Silver Single Row Concave Cigarette Case, Engine-turned pattern.

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Solid Silver Aneroid Barometer, combined with Thermometer and Altitude Range. Diameter 2½ inches

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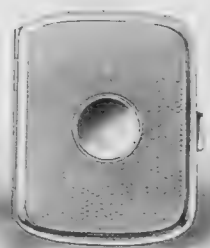

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Photograph [*A. Brown*

A HUNDRED STARTED, BUT HOW MANY FINISHED?

For the Inter-Collegiate Cross-Country Race at Cambridge last week, fifteen colleges entered teams and more than a hundred runners started on a journey of from six to seven miles. W. R. Seagrove (Clare), the C.U.A.C. president, finished first about 75 yards ahead of F. R. Courtenay-Thompson (King's), but the contest was won by Trinity by a margin of ten points over King's, who were second

Sports & Pastimes

THE FOOTBALL CRITIC OF TO-DAY

A Good-Natured Grumble

"I WISH you journalist fellows would tell us a little less about what you think and a little more about what we want to know!" This was a parting shot fired at me the other day by a friend as he descended from the train in which we had been travelling together, and hurried away. He had just previously been reading a report of a Rugby football match, which he had been unable to witness, in one of the big dailies, so I was able to guess more or less correctly what he was driving at. And after thinking it over carefully I came to the conclusion that there was a good deal of substance in his complaint.

Facts or Fancies?

THE football reporter of the present day, in his desire to be original and entertaining, appears to overlook the fact that it is his duty to report as well as to criticise. Everyone knows that it is impossible to describe a football match in detail; neither is it necessary. But it is possible, and certainly not unnecessary, to record its more salient incidents, and there are undoubtedly certain facts in connection with every game of football which the public expect, and are entitled, to be told. They want to know, for instance, the names of the players by whom tries or goals were actually scored, and, if a score was the result of a combined movement, they want to know who started it and by whom it was carried on. Nor is it by any means a work of supererogation to tell them the names of all the players who took part in the match. Indeed, since football is essentially a team game, the *personnel* of the teams who take part in a match is, surely, a matter of interest. One seldom encounters in a newspaper an account of a rowing race which does not give the names of the crews competing in it, and yet for some inscrutable reason when it comes to football we find in the majority of cases that a *critique*, in which only about half a dozen of the people who are being criticised are actually mentioned by name, is supposed to be what is wanted.

Photograph *Sport and General*

P. N. DURLACHER

The young Trinity freshman who tied with two other Trinity men for seventh place in the above race. He is also a most promising track athlete

Photograph *Sport and General*

A LEAP BY N. OTHICK WHICH SAVED HIS GOAL

In the Association match at Oxford last week between the University and a Southern Amateur League team which resulted in a draw of two goals all. Oxford would probably have won this match but for Othick's fine goal-keeping.

What the Majority Want

MY own impression is that the football reporter of to-day has got into the habit of writing for the edification of those who, like himself, were present at the match with which he is dealing. Consequently, he takes it for granted that they know the actual facts of the game, and will, therefore, be more interested to learn what he thinks about it. But can he afford to ignore the far larger number of readers of his paper who did not

(*Continued on page 514*)

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Guy–uy–uy–uy's !

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

In the heading to this page we have endeavoured to reproduce the battle cry with which their supporters urge the Guy's Hospital Rugby Team on to victory. Needless to say, no reference to the lineaments of the players depicted thereon is intended. Besides being holders of the Inter-Hospital Cup, Guy's, with their strong contingent of South Africans, can hold their own with the most powerful sides in the Kingdom. They are due to meet Oxford University to-day (Wednesday) and Swansea on Saturday next

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

see the match and look to him for news of what happened in the course of it and for facts about the play rather than for his personal impressions of it? This is what my friend meant by his plea for "less about what you think and more about what we want to know."

HOCKEY

The Hit-In Tried—

It looks as if the advocates of the substitution of a hit-in for the existing roll-in from touch are very unlikely to carry their proposal. It originated, it will be remembered, in the Midlands, where so many advantages were claimed for it that the Governing Body decided that it should be given a trial in the South, and with that object in view requested a number of clubs to employ the hit-in in some of their games with each other and report their experiences, stating whether they regarded it as an improvement upon the roll-in or otherwise.

—And Found Wanting

A fair number of these trial games have now been held, and in no single instance, as far as I have been able to ascertain, has the experiment been regarded as a success. Rather has it served to give weight to the contention (which I advanced some little time back in The Bystander) that the hit-in is inequitable, because it practically penalises a side for doing a thing which is not an infringement of the rules and consequently should not entail any penalty. Apart from this the chief advantage claimed for the hit-in is that it helps to speed up the game; yet in the opinion of many who have tried it it has the opposite effect, because the action of taking the hit cannot be so expeditiously performed as a roll-in. Another objection which has been pointed out is that a hit-in taken from anywhere in the vicinity of the opponent's goal-line is as advantageous to the side taking the hit as a corner.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE TOSS FOR CHOICE OF ENDS

Between the two captains, T. W. Mansergh (left), of Cambridge University, and H. E. Nash, of Richmond, before their match on Wednesday last, when Cambridge won by three goals to two. Nash is a most capable back, and Mansergh is likely to be England's first choice at centre forward now that S. H. Shoveller has retired from International competition

The Roll-In Preferred

No one, in fact, appears to have had a good word to say for the experiment, and, in one game in which it was tried, I learn that the players got so fed up with it that they reverted to the roll-in after half-time. One knows that the roll-in in its present form is admittedly not quite satisfactory, but that is not a sufficient ground for scrapping it altogether and substituting something entirely different which looks like proving infinitely worse. I expect, and hope, that what will ultimately happen will be that the roll-in will be retained with some modification in the method of procedure. H. S. S.

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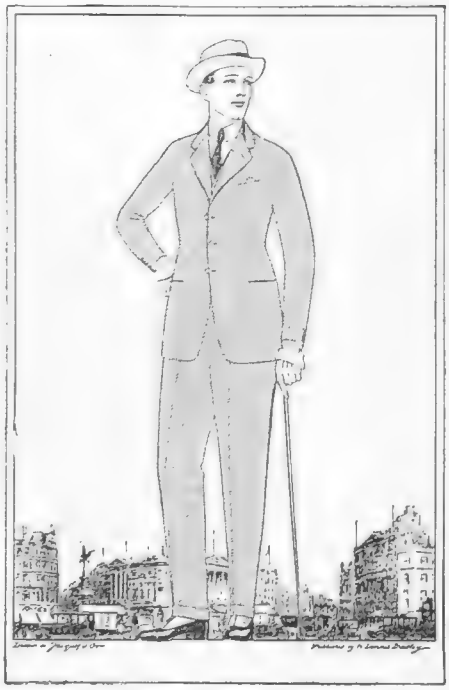
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain



PRICES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

It is easy to agree with the popular slogan, "Prices must come down," but it should also be advanced that "Labour must work up."

So far the only prices that have come down to any appreciable extent have been the bookmakers' odds.

My mind having been irritatingly stimulated by digesting at a famous hotel near Bond Street, a "Martini," a slice of cantaloupe, a lamb cutlet, a Perrier water and some coffee, at an immodest cost of 14s. 6d., I am in the mood to talk of prices.

Since last year the prices of Pope and Bradley have come down enormously. The House has a great business and deals on a narrow margin of profit.

Its prices are estimated by the current conditions of the woollen market. The prices of the House for Lounge Suits now range from a minimum of ten guineas upwards. Incidentally, the custom of some of the exclusive West End tailors of having only one fixed price for a lounge suit is absurd. For instance, to charge the same price for a Harris tweed suit (which is a cheap, coarse, and, to me, peculiarly unpleasant material) as for a fine quality worsted cashmere savours of insanity, or financial immorality. A fine worsted costs four times the price of a coarse tweed or a cross-bred cheviot.

In 1920 this House, buying in large quantities, was paying from 42s. to 50s. a yard for the finest quality materials. (It takes 3½ yards to cut and make a suit really well.) The linings, etc., cost £1 5s.; making the suit on the West End log cost £4 15s.: establishment charges had risen to precipitous heights, and it was then impossible to sell with any profit at all below the price of eighteen guineas a suit.

To-day, for the winter-spring of 1921-1922, I have bought this quality material at from 29s. to 35s., and the price of lounge suits has been reduced in proportion to production costs.

The prices charged by Pope and Bradley for lounge suits are now from ten to fourteen guineas. Despite the wonderful turnover of the House at these prices, it will make barely any net profit, but it will achieve its object of keeping its hundreds of skilled employees fully occupied, and will earn the goodwill of all those patrons whose orders it is privileged to undertake or to execute. Both of which verbs sound so deadly that one must apologise for the vindictiveness of the English language. Lounge Suits from £10 10s.; Dinner Suits from £16 16s.; Dress Suits from £18 18s.; Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.; Overcoats from £8 8s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
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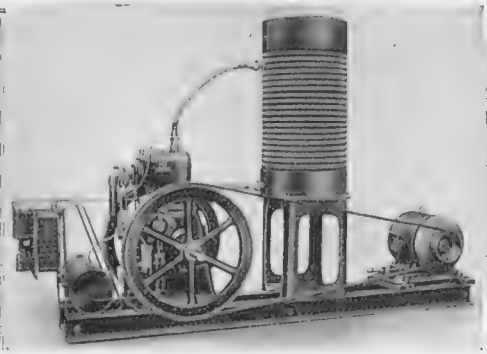

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HIGH-GRADE, EXCLUSIVE AND FASHIONABLE

SHOES

At Exceptionally Low Prices

THAT WE CAN THOROUGHLY RECOMMEND

Ladies' Patent Colt Lace Shoe, straight cap, 1¾ inch heel (as sketch).

29/6

Similar shoe in Glacé Kid, Grey, Nigger, Black and White Suede, **29/6**.

Box Calf and Brown Willow Golf Shoe,

29/6

Ladies' Brown Willow Calf Derby Shoe, straight toe cap (as sketch), made on the hand-sewn principle, 1¾ inch Cuban heel.

29/6

Patent Colt Court Shoe, round toe, Cuban heel (as sketch), trimmed oxydised slide.

29/6

Ladies' Glace Kid Lace Shoes, patent toe cap, 1¾ inch heel in two shapes—medium and round.

29/6

Similar Shoe in Tan Willow Calf.

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THE

NON-PINKING

MOTOR SPIRIT

No need to retard the ignition or to throttle down with "Shell."

"PINKING"—that ominous rattling within the cylinder which betrays a labouring and strained engine—can only be stopped by throttling down or *excessively* retarding the ignition, resulting in overheating and loss of power. TRY CHANGING TO "SHELL," the *non-pinking* spirit. A higher compression is possible with "Shell" than with any other petrol, "Shell" Aviation Spirit excepted.

"Shell" Motor Spirit is regularly and scientifically TESTED in a special variable compression research engine, in order that its superiority in power and mileage may be unfailingly maintained.

These tests are carried out under the supervision of well-known scientists in the Testing Laboratories and Works where the famous "tanks" and other machines of war were tested and developed, and where many motor manufacturers send their new units for efficiency tests.

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See the can is sealed.

Shell Motor Lubricating Oil —Have you Tried it?

OF THAT, TOO, "EVERY DROP TELLS."

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

WHETHER as creative artist or literary critic, Mr. James Milne has a way of his own, sometimes a pleasantly obstinate way, but always gracious and sincere. He does not over-write himself, and when they come his books are marked off subtly from the common run. And so you will take up what I fancy must be his first novel with lively expectations. Now *The Black Colonel* (Lane: 7*s.* net) is in some ways an exasperating book: it refuses to follow the rules. True, there is a forthright and full-blooded story for you, but it ends in the most unconventional way—in a series of letters from the hero in exile. You feel, however, that Mr. Milne has said to himself: "Be hanged to technique. I'm going to tell you the truth about Jock Farquaharson of Inverey, and whoever heard of a Scot behaving like anybody else?" The Colonel, indeed, is a picturesque figure. He follows King James, but there is just a chance of his outlawry being annulled, a fact which allows Mr. Milne to weave his yarn and recreate that troubled period after the '45 as few other writers could have done. It seems that if the Black Colonel can secure the hand and estates of pretty Margèt Forbes, he will receive the Royal pardon. Unfortunately for him there is a likeable rival, Captain Ian Gordon, on the scene, and on this occasion, after much fighting and adventure, the Captain wins through. And here, you think, Mr. Milne might well have ended his story. But Farquaharson is shown serving the Hanoverian king, as a spy under Montcalm, and he plays his part in the taking of Quebec. Long letters are sent by him to Gordon, and interesting though they are, they seem out of place. But this is a small point. There is some beautiful writing in *The Black Colonel*, and its bluffness is fully in keeping with the picture it paints.

MRS. GEORGE (MARION) CRAN

A frequent contributor to "The Bystander," whose latest book is reviewed on this page

MRS. GEORGE CRAN, whose work for THE BYSTANDER is well known, seems to have been surprised at the success of her first book. *The Garden of Ignorance*, published before the War, set out the difficulties she overcame in turning a sandy waste into a garden. But, of course, it was no mere horticultural handbook. Mrs. Cran showed what a jolly pen she could wield, and her garden was only the central point, so to speak, of a cheerful outlook on life. The book made a wide appeal, and so, I should imagine, will its successor *The Garden of Experience* (Jenkins: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). Now gardeners, as you may know to your cost, *can* be the most terrible bores—that is to say, if you have never been a gardener yourself; but be not afraid of Mrs. George Cran. These most entertaining chapters of hers contain very much more than mere garden lore. They show you a personality whose acquaintance is well worth the making.

HER garden itself must be a quite thrilling place (the photographs alone make you long to receive an invitation from its designer). It is a garden, moreover, where little comedies are being constantly played. And there are not only flowers and fruits to be described. The fauna occupy a prominent position. You must read of Mrs. Cran's miraculous bees; you must hear of her goats, first introduced during the War when cows' milk was not easily obtained. There is also a dog which arrived in a curious manner and showed migratory instincts. Most important of all, there are humans, and about them Mrs. Cran is delightful. *The Garden of Experience* is issued at a most reasonable price and will make a splendid present for Christmas.

MR. JOHN GUISBOROUGH'S *A Song of Araby* (Mills and Boon: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) is a first novel which creates in your mind a feeling of satisfaction with its author. It says much for his skill that, although the hero is on secret service during the War in Mesopotamia and the usual unpleasant German is to the fore, you do not find yourself reading the usual spy story or anything like it. Mr. Guisborough has a jolly sense of humour and a quaint way of his own. He knows the country of which he is writing, and has a pretty turn for a quip and a jest. Put *A Song of Araby* on your library list.

R. S.

THE RUSSIAN "FAMINE" By W. E. WIGFULL

1ST SOVIET COMMUNIST: "I see they are starving in Nishigovak"
2ND DITTO: "Don't worry, the foreigners will feed them!"

Good Fiction

THOSE who appreciate a splendid selection of stories should not fail to secure the Christmas number of *Cassell's Magazine*, which is to be published to-day, the 30th. This contains contributions by some of the most popular authors of the day, including Sax Rohmer, Olive Wadsley, Warwick Deeping, George Robey, Frank H. Shaw, Phyllis Bottome, James Douglas, Frank Hubert, etc.

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On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a 16 inch Ciro Pearl Necklet or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel (complete with case). If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within 15 days and we will refund your money.

Above necklet supplied in any other length at an additional cost of 1/4d. per inch. Special solid gold safety clasps 2/6d. each. New descriptive booklet No. 7 just published (sent post free).

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Gold Bar Brooch with unique Ciro Pearl.
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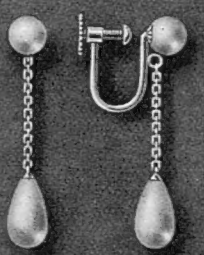

Round or pear-shaped drop ear-rings, equal in all respects to the genuine. Solid gold mounts.
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Beautiful single pearl ring on gold or platinette mount.
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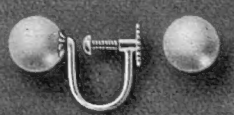

Single Ciro Pearl earrings of marvellous orient on solid gold mounts.
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Distinctive platinette brooch with 3 Ciro Pearls copied from the genuine.
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MOTOR-NOTES

WRITERS have made various types of the human race their heroes and heroines in tales of love and adventure, but it has remained for the "movies" to picture a motor-car as the leading character. Yet "Something New," a film just released, illustrates the wonderful capacity and stout-heartedness of the Maxwell car. Up hills that terrify you, down dales, and through wild ravines whose tracks are but rough rocks, the human hero chases the bandits who have stolen the girl. It is a novel way of demonstrating a test run, yet very effective, as the aroma of romance attracts the attention to the wonderful break-neck performance of the Maxwell car, which triumphantly emerges through its trials unhurt and going as well as ever.

* *
*

IN fact, after seeing the film, those prospective purchasers, who would like to make a personal test of its capabilities, can take it over a series of test runs on entirely novel lines. Thus in the London area are four test routes, each providing a traffic test for quick acceleration, steering and sweetness of clutch and gears, a hill test up and down for engine power and brake efficiency; a good road to prove speed, flexibility, and silent running, and a bad road to demonstrate its riding comfort and efficient springing. Added to the romance, could anyone fail to be satisfied after this?

* *
*

THERE are some persevering blokes about in the C.A.V. factory, as I see at the cycle show thay have on their stall the new electric lighting sets for motor bicycles, 5 amps. at 1,000 revs., and the special C.A.V. Willard battery has a capacity of 3 amps. for ten hours, thirty ampère-hours. So, I presume, the difficulties in the past are now surmounted. But what is more important still is that I am told all batteries when new should be inspected at least once a fortnight, and the C.A.V. service stations will do this for their own batteries free.

* *
*

IN any case, now we are all using our lighting sets more it is just as well to get the cells "topped" with distilled water occasionally, and also to see if the specific gravity of the acid is O.K. Sulphating on the positive terminals is also to be looked for, though if the plates get that way the battery better go back to the maker, though I did meet a man the other day who has just discovered a method of de-sulphating a battery without taking it off the car, but he would not tell me how it was done as he wants to sell the idea. Did you ever hear of such nonsense in these days? Sell an idea, indeed! Most ideas are usually sells.

* *
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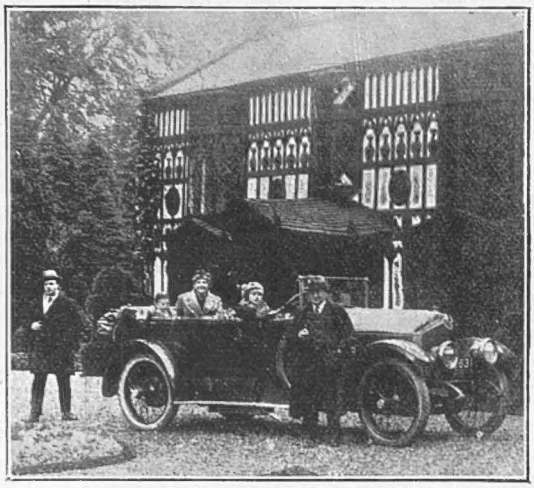
I WAS much amused to read the other day of a brother "greaser" who frankly admitted he never bothered to grease the leaves of the

(*Continued on page 520*)



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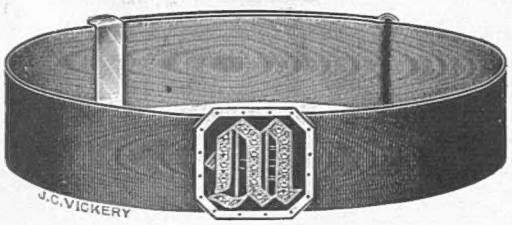

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Stand 124 Olympia

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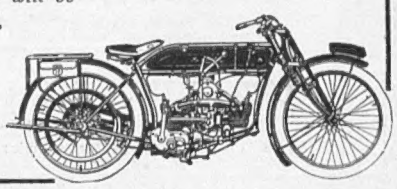
Besides the Cycle models the exhibit includes the famous 4½ h.p. Flat Twin Solo Touring model, the £100 Sporting model and Combination Outfits.

4½ h.p. Flat Twin Solo Model **£110**
4½ h.p. Flat Twin Sports Model **£100**
4½ h.p. Combination Outfit - - **£144**

The £100 Sports Model is a tempting proposition which should be inspected by all interested in this type of mount. Capable of a speed of over 70 miles an hour and weighing only 235 lbs. the frame of this model is identical with that of the Standard Touring Model. The cheapness of this model will be apparent when compared with the specifications. All-weather finish supplied to order for utility purposes.

We are sure you will be interested.



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This 10-Day Test costs you nothing. Simply post the coupon. Then watch the delightful effects.

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This 10-Day Tube we offer supplies 20 applications of a new teeth cleaning method. Accept this offer—make that test. The results, we believe, will delight you.

Millions of people have thus found a way to whiter, cleaner, better teeth. Let your folks find it also.

The war on film

Dental science, after diligent research, has found two ways to fight film. High authorities approve them. Leading dentists everywhere now advise their daily use.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And countless glistening teeth to-day show the results of its use.

Makes teeth dingy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and remains.

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. So millions of teeth are dimmed by it. Film is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Other protections

Pepsodent brings three other effects, which modern authorities consider essential.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which may cause tooth decay.

Thus Nature's forces are much increased with every application.

What you will see

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

You will quickly see that Pepsodent is doing what nothing else has done. You will know the tooth paste that is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

TRADE MARK **Pepsodent**

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

South African distributors: VERRINDER, Ltd., 106, Adderley Street, Cape Town, to whom South African readers may send coupon.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 630

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

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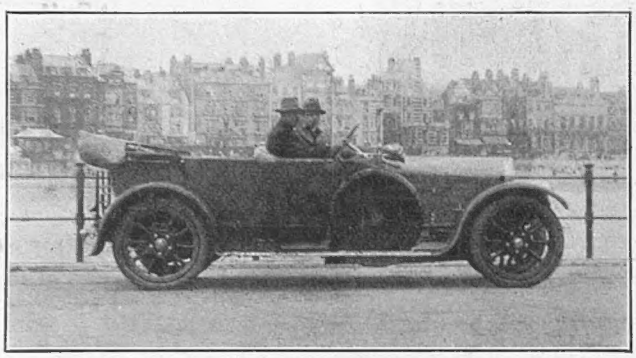
Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family. *Bystander* 30/11

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

springs on his motor vehicles, for the reason that it did no real good, in fact, harm, though many, if not most, automobile engineers recommend doing this. Well, as a matter of fact, circumstances alter cases. As long as the springs do not develop a squeak in the leaves never worry to grease them, but if they do, then, you have to. Most cars nowadays are too easily sprung, so that one has to damp down the elasticity of the springs by fitting Wefco covers, shock absorbers, and other such what-nots. Squeaks develop not because there is or is not grease between the leaves but because rust has set up there. What people ought to do is to have all the leaves buffed up until they are polished as bright as silver—that is each leaf separately — then, when erected, clamped together, and, let us pray, not a hole bored through the leaves at their vital spot, paint 'em well and truly, box 'em in gaiters, and they will last the life of the car if adjusted at first to the average load they have to carry. Of course, the shackles want all the oil or grease they can get, but, nowadays, this is easier to do than formerly.

* * *

ALL of which, however, is a preamble to what I had in my mind when I started to put pen to paper. At present my head is full of all the cars in Christendom and their various details, because all my friends and acquaintances have been asking my advice as to what car they should buy for the coming year's motoring. And in going over all the points of various cars it has struck me that while you can get the ordinary intelligent motorist to oil up his spring shackles and engine, not one in a thousand ever seems to trouble about what lubrication the transmission is getting or seeing that it is provided for. As for putting any in universal joints or worrying if the back axle can do with some, that is the last thing in the world that comes into their minds. And the whole reason of this is that usually it is mighty troublesome to do it. Hence the neglect, extra friction, wear unnecessarily, and extra cost in fuel and oil because the engine has more work to do, and sometimes gets grumbled at 'cause it is not pulling. Poor horse! willing, but misjudged, through the excellence of the modern car which can stand so much ill-treatment without breaking down entirely.



A PROMENADING WOLSELEY "FIFTEEN" AT WEYMOUTH

* * *

IN other words the average owner wants something to remind him to look after the various details of the chassis besides the engine itself. Sometimes the instruction book supplied with each car is read and sometimes remembered. Also sometimes it is not. But what is really on my mind is that judging by the number of small cars I saw staged on various stands in the recent motor exhibition, there is going to be some nasty accidents to some of them if their owners—that is to say, if they do sell any of them — do not inspect the transmission regularly, just as they make a habit of refilling the engine's crank case with oil. In fact, my advice to all those buying a new car is to see that when they pull up the floor boards they can get at all the joints, and other spots that want attention at times in this regard, both as to lubrication and, in the case of fabric joints, sometimes a new fabric flange. Otherwise Humpty Dumpty will have another fall. OLD HY.

Maison Lyons Chocolates

MUCH of the charm of really good chocolates lies in the variety and originality of their centres. There are nearly a hundred different varieties of Maison Lyons Chocolates to choose from, each delightful in flavour. A special preference for hard, marzipan or cream centres is catered for by the great variety in each of these kinds. Maison Lyons Chocolates have achieved their present popularity by their delicate flavour and high quality. Try just a half-pound box and you will no longer wonder why!

The dainty decoration of Maison Lyons Chocolates is indicated by this illustration of the MONTMORENCY. This chocolate has a centre of marzipan, cherry flavoured, and whorls of chocolate on top.

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